The Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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PENNY WISE, POUND FOOLISH

NUMEROUS critics of the present administration, on the fifth anniversary of the Roosevelt régime, directed attention to the fact that the national debt, which stood at $19,487,009,766 in 1932, is now approaching $40,000,000,000. A vast amount of money has been spent; but the nation is today confronted with a serious business recession and unemployment figures are mounting steadily. Vast economic and social experiments have not thus far resulted in a real solution of our national ills for the reason, according to the Baltimore *Evening Sun,* that these experiments were, in many cases, mutually contradictory. Some farmers were paid to reduce their acreage while poor farmers were moved to better farms and encouraged to grow more. An effort was made to reduce the burden of real estate mortgages while those who were responsible for the original mortgages were urged to borrow more. Some New Dealers fought monopoly. Other brain trusters fostered monopoly. The critics conclude that the New Deal has failed because it had no clear-cut, positive program of social and economic reconstruction but was merely opportunist and visionary. They view the immediate future with gloomy foreboding.

We frankly admit that there are dark clouds on our national horizon. We are deeply concerned about the present crisis. In all fairness, however, it should be stated that, after five years of experiment and travail, we are still a democratic country. We enjoy all the blessings of that system. We write as we please. We talk as we please. We worship God according to the dictates of our conscience. The New Deal brought hope and inspiration to millions of our people. It has undoubtedly enriched our national life in countless fields. Any fair-minded appraisal of the New Deal must not only include its defects and mistakes but also its achievements and victories.

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Our present purpose, however, is not to present a balance sheet of the New Deal for the past five years but to single out one of the New Deal's most important objectives—that of increasing the purchasing power of our people. Whatever else might be said for or against the present administration, that objective, irrespective of political or class prejudice, must somehow be achieved in the near future if we are to avoid revolutionary chaos. The only alternative to a More Abundant Life for our propertyless proletariat, plagued and scourged by the twin demons of want and insecurity, is the violent destruction of American democracy and the substitution therefor of some form of barbaric despotism.

It is obvious to any serious student of our capitalistic economy that capital receives the lion's share and labor only the minimum part of the proceeds of industry. This arbitrary and unjust division tends to concentrate the wealth of the country in the hands of a very small fraction of our people, while the proletariat is perpetually on the verge of want.

A compilation made by the Federal Trade Commission illustrates how excessive is the share which goes to capital. During the years 1913 to 1926 inclusive, 2,846 large corporations paid an annual cash dividend on their 1913 capitalization of about 19 percent, in addition to which they paid an average annual stock dividend of about 17 percent, making total average dividend payments of approximately 36 percent. This compilation reveals that during the period from 1920 to 1926 inclusive, many large corporations paid stock dividends ranging from 100 percent to 1,000 percent and over.

Recent studies have demonstrated precisely how the unfair division of the proceeds of industry between capital and labor tends always toward the concentration of wealth of the nation in the hands of a declining percentage of the general population. It has been estimated by L. H. Call, in his "Concentration of Wealth," that in 1854 fortunes of over $500,000 reached a total of $100,000,000 out of a total estimated wealth of the country amounting to $10,000,000,000; showing concentrated wealth at that time to be 1 percent of the whole national wealth. In 1890, fortunes of over $500,000 totaled $36,250,000,000 out of a total wealth of $65,000,000,000; which showed that the concentrated wealth had increased from 1 percent to 56 percent of the whole national wealth.

It was also estimated by George K. Holmes, of the United States Census Bureau, that in 1890 three-tenths of 1 percent of the population owned 20 percent of the wealth of the nation. In 1900, the United States Census figures indicate that 250,251 persons out of a total population of 76,000,000 possessed $67,000,000,000 out of a total national wealth of $95,000,000,000; that is, at this date, the concentration of wealth had proceeded to such an extent that one-third of 1 percent of the population possessed 71 percent of the wealth of the country.

Commenting upon these alarming statistics, Oscar Newfang, in his "Economic Welfare," correctly asserts that this excessive concentration of wealth leads to unbalanced business conditions which are extremely disastrous to our entire economic structure.

"The very wealthy minority of the population," he observes, "not being able to consume, even in the utmost luxury, more than a small fraction of their incomes, the bulk of these large incomes is reinvested; that is, instead of being spent in clearing the market of consumers' goods, it is spent to enlarge the facilities for producing more consumers' goods. Meanwhile, due to the decrease in employment resulting from mechanization, the purchasing power or the consuming power of the great mass of the population does not keep pace with the increasing production resulting from this constant enlargement of the country's plant.

"This combination of over-investment and under-consumption periodically leads to crises in which large amounts of capital are wiped out, large numbers of workers suffer from unemployment, governments are reduced to insolvency through the failure of tax sources, credit and the banking and business structure of the country are shaken to their foundations. In many countries this leads to repudiation of debts, revolutions and dictatorships. The real remedy is a fairer division between capital and labor, by which sufficient purchasing power to clear the markets is at all times distributed to the workers, and only enough investment capital is accumulated to provide for the gradually increasing needs of a growing population."

The New Deal cannot achieve its important objective of increasing the purchasing power of our people without the adoption of a radically different, far-sighted policy on the part of business leaders as a wholesome substitute for the selfish, grasping, penny wise, pound foolish philosophy which has dominated our economic system in the past, and without a generous measure of enlightened public support. But this desirable and necessary reform of economic conditions will not be of itself sufficient unless, as Pope Pius XI pointed out, there is a prompt renewal of the Christian spirit from which so many people engaged in industry have at times lamentably departed.

We have been far too complacent when confronted with evils and abuses that have become intolerable. The hour has struck for personal reform and a vigorous reaffirmation of Christian principles. Truly has it been said that the real alternative confronting us today is Christ or chaos—either the practise of Christianity or ruin.

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Week by Week

THE WHITE HOUSE announced that our seizure of Canton and Enderbury islands has no connection with war or war plans, but was motivated by a desire to meet the needs of commercial aviation. Most people are aware of the fact, however, that the islands are northeast of Samoa and well within the naval defense lines as submitted by Admiral Leahy to the House Naval Affairs Committee. They will doubtless serve a useful purpose in peace times and particularly so should this country ever find it necessary to defend our west coast from hostile attack. Secretary of State Hull scored another notably victory for his pacific policy of reciprocal trade treaties by concluding an agreement with Czechoslovakia whereby that country will grant substantial tariff concessions on American imports of shoes and other products in return for similar concessions on a number of agricultural and industrial exports from this country. Other nations have been invited to take advantage of this wise and unselfish policy which may avert a world catastrophe. Certain American educators made public a letter in which they took exception to observations recently made by Ellery Sedgwick, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly,* in which he declared that the liberal spirit was clearly in the ascendant in Nationalist Spain. We are not aware of any reason why Mr. Sedgwick's integrity and competency as a journalist should be questioned. We are also at a loss to explain why these gentlemen should go out of their way to declare that German and Italian Fascists are using the Catholic hierarchy to mold the opinion of democratic nations in their favor. This gratuitous and libelous insult will not injure the hierarchy; but fair-minded people will properly deplore the imperfections in our American educational system that produced such ardent propagandists for a cause so much at variance with the American concept of democracy and the elemental decencies of human existence.

The Trend of Events

THE TVA turmoil seems one of those altogether uncomfortable and unpleasant affairs that carry within them the possibility of definite, long-run good. A congressional investigation appears to be a prerequisite to getting at the good. One of the developments most needed is a public appraisal of the whole TVA idea—purposes and methods—on the basis of five years of remarkable activity. None of the warring directors has denied accomplishments of the others: Chairman Arthur E. Morgan undoubtedly built magnificent dams, Mr. H. A. Morgan has certainly developed fertilizers and other means of enriching land, and Mr. David E. Lilienthal has made ready a lot of electric power. The great danger now, a danger which Chairman Morgan has said kept him quiet for years, is that prejudiced enemies of the TVA who deny a priori its accomplishments and promise, will make hay while storm clouds darken. The ready answer to the question of what the quarrel is about is that A. E. Morgan represents reactionary, upper class forces and that the other two directors are men of the Left, of the proletariat. Chairman Morgan undoubtedly wanted a compromising "grid" system worked out with the private utilities, and Mr. Lilienthal, supported by H. A. Morgan, worked for outright purchase of private units. But Chairman Morgan was intelligent enough to take the offensive, and by his broadcast attack on his colleagues, has prevented the issue from forming on such an easy but deceiving cleavage. The power policy of TVA is not necessarily its touchstone. There probably is no touchstone for TVA, because its essential character is integrationist. What is its effect on the human relationships in the Valley, on the relationships of men there with the land, and on the land itself and the individual men? Left and Right theories about political method should not deflect us from seeking the answers to these questions.

TVA Turmoil

WE DO not recall any event in our journalistic experience more baffling than the current trials in Moscow. The Dewey Commission recently charged that the proceedings were a frame-up. Several members of the commission promptly repudiated their signatures. Corliss Lamont, chairman of the American Friends of the Soviet Union, declared that Japanese war-makers had sent hundreds of spies into the U.S.S.R. "who were alert to every opportunity of cooperating with those anti-Soviet individuals who still remain active in Russia." Much of the evidence, however, has thus far been directed against Trotsky who was accused of having inspired the alleged medical murder of Maxim Gorky. Mr. Trotsky, writing from Mexico, pointed out that the trials were possible "only in the completely poisoned atmosphere under the heavy, tightly screwed-down lid of the totalitarian régime." An editorial in the *Daily Worker* clarifies the situation enormously by insisting that Russia is a peaceful democracy which is compelled to make war against the Soviet equivalent of Liberty Leaguers. Whatever the outcome of these incredible trials may be, whether the defendants are innocent or guilty, whether the Soviet tribunal acquits or condemns them to death, the Soviet régime has suffered an incalculable loss of prestige. Only the most fanatical adherent of Communism will in the future hold fast to his

Soviet Justice

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belief in the present despotism. Perhaps the whole sorry business may be summed up in Nikolai Bukharin's Hegelian quotation: "This is a most difficult world."

Taxes and Prosperity

THE GREAT question is whether or not the present and proposed tax structures restrict production and employment. It is still a question dealt with emotionally and not statistically. Modified by the new revenue bill, the capital gains tax and undistributed profits tax, even with their new companion, Title I B, the "third basket," seem almost certainly incapable in themselves of blocking production. But here, motives and psychology seem important. Conservatives want to smash the reformism of the New Deal and its tendency to modify capitalism from traditional and unrestricted profit-making methods and opportunities. They want a moral surrender. They don't want taxes to be used for something other than government income, for something like changing the business scene, affecting by public action the sizes of enterprises and flow of investment. Perhaps if the Conservatives gained a complete moral victory, as well as a practical material one, business would seem to boom. We don't expect that victory nor that imaginable boom. Too many people believe that booms on such a laissez-faire basis, on the purely competitive, profit-making basis of the '20s, are much more noise than substance. Prosperity will be a harder thing to get now. It will, or would, certainly have to accommodate taxes that are high, and socially effective—either for good or bad.

For Safety: City and State

THE RESULTS of America's motor safety campaign go up and down, measured at least by localized statistics and special analyses. Happily, however, the most salutary and promising factor in the whole difficult business remains constant. That is, the emphasis on safety-consciousness. By a variety of devices, suited to a great range of intelligence and moral responsibility, ranging from prison sentences, license cancellations and fines, up through technical control in the shape of expert patrolling and highway-lighting, to the education of children in the habits of pedestrian caution and social thinking, the base of safety is being steadily widened. The good results are not by any means equally distributed, it is true; however, in a situation as mortally serious as this one has become, any gain in effective control or publicity anywhere must be rated a potential gain for the whole country. Thus, addressing the New York Rotary Club recently, Charles A. Harnett, State Motor Vehicle Commissioner, stressed the relative safety of overcrowded New York City as against the more sparsely settled portions of the state, using that fact not so much critically as constructively. After pointing out the really startling proportion of motor deaths last year in that area of the state including only about one-fifth of the population—1,572 deaths out of 3,065, which is to say, more than one-half—he went on to indicate how a positive lesson could be learned from these figures. First in importance in accident prevention the Commissioner listed the safety campaign in the schools. Secondly, he showed how "the collectible efforts of many agencies to enforce regulation" in the city, efforts which, he incidentally remarked, "bring high credit to the Police Department," have made the city "the safest place in the whole state for either pedestrian or driver." Three leaves may profitably be taken from the city's book, he indicates, and adapted for outside communities: more intensive highway patrol, a carefully worked out system of lights and the construction of sidewalks along many rural highways now lacking them.

Gardenias for the Funeral

IN THE matter of meddling with human lives, much must be imputed to the press for unrighteousness, especially in large cities. However, not all reports on the private deeds of people are vicious; not all "human interest" stories are venal and sentimental. It must be admitted that a city needs reporting that will keep it awake to happenings which would otherwise pass unnoticed—to the great loss of both the individual concerned and the social group which has the wish and the obligation to help, or merely to understand. Such a story is the one recently appearing anent a theft committed by a seventeen-year-old lad, who bolted into a drug store and blindly seized an electrical appliance which he later confessed he had hoped to sell for a small sum. Further questioning revealed the outlines of a story which O. Henry himself could not have touched up to advantage in any detail. The boy's father had operated an elevator for many years in a Wall Street brokerage concern where the gardenia in the buttonhole had impressed him as the mark of personal distinction. Despite the obscurity of his labors, and the steady failure of his health, he managed to smile daily upon the world from above one of these ritually important white blossoms. When he died, the poverty of his family was so extreme that they could not buy him flowers. And it was the mother's grief over this fact, and not the very real problem of procuring food for the younger children, which sent the oldest son out in search of money. The boy will stand trial before the Special Sessions, and will be dealt with with the mercy of genuine justice. We would welcome, however, some assurance that there *were* gardenias at his father's funeral.

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EUROPE AFTER BERCHTESGADEN

By ARPAD F. KOVACS

THE RECENT triumph of Hitler in Austria has aptly been called the greatest German victory since Tannenberg. Up to the sensational events of February 15, the independence of Austria was considered as one of the cardinal principles of the European balance of power. It was solemnly asserted in the peace treaties, and whenever attempts were made either on the part of Germany or Austria or both to bring about the *Anschluss* a solid opposition of the powers immediately frustrated them. Everybody who watches the European diplomatic kaleidoscope will remember the spectacular demonstration of Mussolini in the summer of 1934 when the Austrian Nazis enacted the last of these attempts.

Since the drama of Berchtesgaden *Anschluss* seems to be a foregone conclusion. The question is only whether the triumphant Nazis will be satisfied with Austria or whether they will reach for new laurels. In his recent speech Hitler very diplomatically avoided every direct reference to this problem which is so vexing for the world. The Fuehrer's only allusion was to the "ten million Germans beyond the frontier." If to this we add his declaration that he is going to strengthen the army still more and if we realize that the diplomatic fields of Europe are completely abandoned by the other powers, an inference is not difficult. There will be some further picking of laurels as long as the picking is so easy! At any rate, with the collapse of Austria and of the principle which she symbolized in Europe, the dykes of the Danube broke and Danubia is facing inundation and submergence under a Nazi sea.

How could all this happen? We are still half blind and with blinking eyes we are trying to overcome the glare caused by the recent diplomatic fireworks. Austria gone! The Stresa front broken and in a hasty retreat, the fleeing coalition now trying to save its face since its back is so much exposed to the victor. A diplomatic battle of Austerlitz with the victor triumphantly roaming over the abandoned battlefield in his speech before a jubilant audience. Austria gone! A first-class geographical and political bulwark of European diplomacy wiped off the map in a few days by the command of the Triumphator—Austria, about which it has so often been said, "If she did not exist she would have to be created."

This bloodless tragedy of the "cold *Anschluss*" is merely one of the symptoms of a revolution taking place in world diplomacy. In the following an attempt will be made to give a brief explanation of this revolution.

People who formed their basic conceptions of international relations or international power politics in pre-war times are still accustomed to look upon England as the subtle but supreme director of world affairs. For a long time, indeed, her policy in the international concert of Europe was the tune around which the others had to syncopate theirs. Britannia ruled the seas and her proud empire was the object of as much envy as admiration. In her splendid isolation she could, with masterful skill, keep Europe divided. Europe thus dealt with, the Empire could be safe; for outside of Europe, before the war, there were no serious competitors of Britain. Up to 1914, her international relations and problems were in overwhelming majority of European character or closely bound up with the Continent. Europe, in other words, was the storm center, the source of danger or diplomatic solicitude. It was a vast field of power politics full of explosive energies. Outside it there was little in the world of pre-war times that was an integral part, a prime factor in high-power politics, that is in that diplomatic rivalry of which Klausewitz remarked that war is merely its continuation with other means.

In this *par excellence* European constellation the principle of balancing so steadfastly and consistently applied by British diplomacy had always succeeded in averting dangers to perfidious Albion. Before and in 1914, the three most dangerous rivals of Britain in Europe—Germany, Russia and France—were in opposite camps neutralizing each other's energies and enabling Britain to play the tip of the scales. Finally, when she decided to throw in her weight, it was, as always, decisive. The central powers were defeated and at the same time Britain's greatest potential rival, Russia, was in the throes of civil war and revolution.

After the tremendous conflagration of the war subsided and the smoldering ruins were stamped out, a curious spectacle presented itself. The storm center in power politics ceased to function. The diplomatic volcano, called Europe, was still emitting smoke, but the eruptions spent their forces. Germany and Russia, the two greatest rivals of Britain, were in a state of complete helplessness. For a long time they lost their great power status, let alone their world power potentialities. Moreover, Austria was wiped off the map as a great power; Italy, the weakest of the European areopag, emerged weaker than ever; the erstwhile Turkish Empire became a smoldering ruin under which were buried the perennial problems of the Eastern Question. It was a glorious

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situation for Albion. True, a new rival emerged in the Far East; but Japan was still an ally, a weak ally, quite willing to sign the naval delimitation treaty in 1922. France was too exhausted, and as to the United States no danger need be apprehended from this side: first, because blood was still thicker than water; second, because, bitterly disappointed by European entanglements and non-payment of debts, Uncle Sam sulkingly returned to his isolation, so vast and splendid from coast to coast.

England was indeed enjoying an admirable situation. In the early twenties it seemed as if *Pax Britannica* would spread its blessings over all the world in the form of the League of Nations. Balance of power was no more necessary because there was nobody to balance though abundantly enough to balance with. Disarmament was in some cases a reality and generally speaking, or in League parlance, a great probability. There was a hopeful still-life in the formerly volcanic power field, and from the British angle at any rate the War to End War seemed worth being fought.

During this era of serene contemplation, however, great changes went on behind the mirage of Locarno. The rumblings of the coming revolution in the international affairs of the world could be distinctly heard but "that body," as Hitler said in his speech before the Reichstag, failed to recognize obvious facts and buried its head in the sand.

Italy's phenomenal rise began under the sign of the lictors and while she was making feverish preparations to restore the glory that was Rome, a real empire was rapidly taking shape under the sign of the Rising Sun. Now both of these nations are engaged in colossal imperial undertakings, both deadly rivals of Britain. Then came the rearmament of Germany. With one stroke, *la gloire,* which had shone so bright since 1919, began to fade. Overshadowed by the Third Reich, the Third Republic ceased to play the rôle of a powerful ally—she became rather a dependent of Britain and soon the Rhine was proclaimed to be the eastern frontier of England.

Japan and Italy became bolder and bolder, the British lion's tail was twisted again and again. A new power field in international relations was forming—but not restricted to or based mainly on Europe, as before 1914! No, its bases are only partly European and even the European elements radiate their power into far distant regions. Listen to the Fuehrer, who on February 20 said: "Italy, Germany and Japan constitute a powerful factor in the Pacific." The diplomatic revolution is here, it has been proclaimed, it is approaching like a colossal dark electric storm and Britain is powerless. For the world is looking to Britain! This fact was clearly demonstrated by Hitler in his speech when he addressed himself repeatedly to this power and ignored all others, outside of his allies. But instead of meeting the storm everybody, including Britain, is seeking shelter—or excuses—and the devil take the hindmost! Poor Austria!

In this calamity, when the world is looking to Great Britain for leadership, how does the world appear to the bewildered Queen of the Seas? Where are the weights that can be thrown in this emergency into the scales by the brilliant Balancer of the World?

France is nailed down to the Rhine. The *Wacht am Rhein* is no more a German battlecry, it's a rather boresome and heavy French duty. France could be little use now in the Pacific. She has become a border province of the British Empire, this side of the River and the Alps.

But what about the United States? Viewed from this country the storm is still far away and the dead weight of reluctance to be drawn into new entanglements and new debt repudiations is still immense. Great democracies move slowly. It is easy to throw ounces into the tilted scale but it takes time to roll a millstone there. There isn't one great single voice that would thunder its *ceterum censeo* through the din of our sterile controversies.

And Russia? After all, she should be primarily concerned because the circular motions of the Anti-Comintern storm might suddenly result in a Fascist tornado that will eventually sweep over the collectivized steppes. Could Russia be induced? Whether white or red, she always has been a tremendous ballast. But Stalin has made his announcement already: no aid to China because complications with Japan must be avoided. Instead of aggressiveness, Russia is showing signs of amazing meekness. Or is she so strong that she can afford to appear weak? Why did Stalin so suddenly change his most fundamental views? Why did he suddenly appeal to the world proletariat and declare that a socialist Russia is not enough to assure the triumph of Marxism? Some years ago he exiled Trotsky for standing pat on the same principles and yet, even yesterday, if Stalin could have reached him, the present Comrade No. 1 would have purged the former Comrade No. 1 a hundred times. However, we read that purges will henceforth take another direction in Russia. The purgers will be the purged and Stalin sets the example by inflicting a spiritual purge upon himself: he turns Trotskyist! An imposing demonstration of chaos, weakness and alarm. Which all shows Russia today is certainly not a country that could be used in world diplomacy as a powerful counterweight. At present it appears that she would be a liability rather than an asset in any combination, even if she were willing to combine. Abandoned by everybody she is now appealing to the world proletariat for help.

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This then is the picture that unfolds to the spectator. This is the set-up in which one should explain events. Badly tilting scales in world power politics, and Britain finding herself practically alone, and alone she would not fight. She is not prepared, neither is she willing. She never fought wars single-handed except colonial wars. Her rearmaments are meant not to frighten the prowlers but to inspire friends. Will they come?

In the meantime the dykes are breaking in Danubia. The world is amazed at the spectacle but does not move, does not even think, at any rate not until Hitler speaks. Our nerves, worn out after so many excitements, do not register an alarm that would be immediately translated into action. And after all what is Danubia today? Her importance indeed has vastly diminished in the values and stakes of international transactions. In 1914, a similar incident happened in Danubia. Then Austria proposed to march into Serbia, or at any rate to control her police. Then the whole world was ready to take sides immediately, without any hesitation. At that time Danubia was high stakes, today it is small fry. *Tempora mutantur!*

Now Japan is allowed to march into an empire of 400,000,000 inhabitants and take it over hook, line and sinker. What does it matter then, whether Nazi Germany will take over merely the police of a country of 6,000,000? Recently Mussolini was allowed to sit astride the life-line of the British Empire and go on with his plans to turn the Mediterranean into an Italian lake. Britain did not fight and "that body" kept its head in the sand. Why then should the British stir when Hitler smashes the gates of Vienna? What is Vienna after Shanghai? We are now so accustomed to seeing real and symbolic Chinese walls reduced to heaps of ruins and conquering armies marching through them with bands playing and flags flying. Why get excited?

If the dykes of the Danube break because of the Nazi flood coming down from the hills of Berchtesgaden, it is merely another of the symptoms of this vast change in the redistribution and realignment of world power that has been going on unopposed for so many years. The dykes that are being strengthened by Great Britain are not in Europe but in the Far East, not around Vienna but around Singapore. Europe has ceased to be the pivot of world diplomacy. Hitler, speaking on February 20, brought this out very clearly. The world revolution is on in power diplomacy! Hitler can turn the *Mitteleuropa* dreams of the kaiser into stark reality, the world will not move; the dykes of the Danube can break as long as the dykes around Singapore are strong! Mussolini can turn the Mediterranean into his private fishing pond; Britain will still negotiate. Her life-line over the Mediterranean can break as long as the other life-line over the Panama Canal is safe. In the meantime *Sieg Heil, Eyya Eyya, Alala* or *Banzaj*—whichever you prefer.

GOOSE-STEP FREEDOM

By HUBERTUS ZU LOEWENSTEIN

IT SHOULD be apparent—at least to every Christian—that a great line of demarcation lies not between Fascism and Communism, but between democracy and the totalitarian state, be it its "proletarian" or its "national" form. By democracy we understand any kind of constitutional government, regardless of its republican or monarchical leadership, which recognizes certain inalienable rights vested in the individual. This indeed is the only characteristic which matters, as only under these conditions can the individual attain truer social justice and a better understanding of his eternal and temporal duties. As long as the State recognizes the underived original right of its citizens to life, equality, justice and freedom, it can be called neither Fascist nor Communist; on the other hand, no State which has departed from this foundation is justified in its claim to democracy, no matter how many elections, plebiscites or other usually "democratic" institutions it might have.

The striking outward resemblance between the two forms of state totalitarianism is deeply rooted in their philosophical foundation. For in Fascism (Nazism) as well as in the Russian form of Communism, the State is the only and exclusive source of right. No human activity, political, economic or cultural, is permissible and tolerable, if not initiated, promoted, directed and constantly controlled by the State. The individuals have no claims of their own, in fact not even as to their existence, as they are mere incidentals compared with the State, which alone constitutes the totality of all moral and historic forces.

Looking back in history, we will hardly find any parallel with the totalitarian State of our days. Though it has become a popular slogan, almost an axiomatic statement, that the world is about "to return to the Middle Ages," nothing could be more erroneous than to identify our modern dictatorships with the authoritarian State of that gone-by period.

The authoritarian State of the Middle Ages, of which the Holy Roman Empire was the great-

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est and most important example, was based on a theocratic foundation. It may be recalled, too, that the conception of "national rights" as well as of a class war ideology was completely unknown. What later were to become "nations" were the members of one community, under the Pope in spiritual and under the Roman-German Emperor in temporal affairs; so also at least in theory, and for a considerable time in practise, there was in Europe only an "internal" no "foreign" policy, and no struggle for national hegemony was conceivable. In particular Germany, though the royal "nation" of the Occident, through its kings who were the chosen recipients of the Roman Crown, was even under her most powerful and most universal ruler, the Emperor Fredrick II, far removed from hegemonial ambitions; creating a state within the one state—the Holy Roman Empire—would have meant the breakdown of the medieval world order.

It is well known that the Middle Ages recognized in Pope and Emperor, the bearers of Supreme Power; this power however they did not possess in their own right—the way the totalitarian State of today pretends to do—but only as God's vicars in the spiritual and temporal sphere, and subjected to the unchangeable Law of Christianity. Any attempt of the holders of the highest offices to replace it by their own will would of necessity have turned against the blasphemer. History shows several cases of a people deserting their Emperor, whom the Pope had declared a violator of the duties of a Christian monarch. History records cases too when the same happened to Popes who had lost their qualification as servants and representatives of Divine Justice.

Dante in his book "De Monarchia" has clearly defined the medieval view which thus justified the existence of spiritual and temporal government:

> Ineffable Providence has designed two ends to be contemplated of man: first the happiness of this life, which consists in the activity of his natural powers; and then the blessings of life everlasting, which consists in the enjoyment of the countenance of God, to which man's natural powers may not attain, unless aided by Divine Light. . . . To these states of blessedness, just as to diverse conclusions, man must come by diverse means. To the former we come by the teachings of philosophy, obeying them by acting in conformity with the moral and intellectual virtues . . . wherefore a twofold directive agent was necessary to man, in accordance with the twofold end: the Supreme Pontiff to lead the human race to life eternal by means of revelation and the Emperor to guide it to temporal felicity by means of philosophical instructions.

Though Dante takes great pains to explain that the power of the monarch should be so great "that there is nothing for him to desire," he leaves no doubt as to the real ends of the power of the monarch, which is not directed to his own benefit, but has as object the welfare of the individual and in particular his right to freedom:

> If the principle of freedom is explained, it will be apparent that the human race is ordered for the best when it is most free. . . . Our freedom . . . is the greatest gift bestowed by God upon the human race, for through it we attain to joy here as men and to blessedness there as gods.

It is not until the time of the Florentine, Nicolò Machiavelli, in the sixteenth century, and of his disciples in France, England, Prussia and various Italian autocracies in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, that the State departed from the objective foundation of Christian morals, and the medieval conception of the ruler, as acting under a strict ethical code, was replaced by the maxim of unfettered sovereignty.

However, not even the Machiavellian principle of the overriding interest of the State and of the independence of its ruler from moral and international obligations, could justly be called the first example of State Totalitarianism.

The absolutistic State up to the time of the French Revolution did not identify the interests of the ruler with the interests of the State, and it did not claim the right to embrace all human activities. Machiavelli and his crowned and uncrowned followers in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, though professing that the ruler might apply whatever means he chose in order to serve the State and its interests, did not believe in the domination of the State in every possible sphere of the life of the individual.

Even Fredrick the Great of Prussia, whom the adherents of modern pseudo-German Totalitarianism claim as their most important forerunner, gave ample evidence in his speeches and deeds that he considered himself the first servant of the State; neither to him nor to any of the absolutistic rulers of his age would it have occurred to make a group, faction or party—or simply himself—synonymous with the State, while it is exactly this which is one of the main characteristics of modern Totalitarianism. Don Sturzo in his book on "Italy and Fascism" says:

> Fascism, which has become National Fascism, is everything, the rest of the country is nothing. Fascism is the nation, the rest is anti-national. Fascism is the Fatherland, the rest are traitors; the "realization" of the Fascist State consists in advancing the Fascist dictatorship.

Mutatis mutandis this statement applies to all form of Totalitarianism, as we see it today—we just have to replace the word "Fascism" by the appropriate term.

Such a conception was possible only after a philosophy had been created which, transcending the Machiavellian argument of state interest as

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justification for admittedly arbitrary state action, explained the latter as being moral in itself, by identifying state and moral idea. It is the philosophy of Friedrich Hegel, which was to become the foundation of both the "national" and the "proletarian" totalitarian State of today.

In Hegel's opinion there exists a triple identity: State, Morals and concrete Freedom. Any state action corresponds to the "real will" of the individuals, the free will of which is limited to their capacity to will it away, in order that the State might exercise it; manifestations of individual will, not conforming with the will of the State, are therefore unfree and do not deserve legal or philosophical recognition; such manifestations are immoral, whereas the State, being an end in itself, can do no wrong.

However, while the Hegelian Left, which became basic for today's theoretical Marxism, wants the State Totalitarianism limited to that period preceding the complete transformation of the social order, the Hegelian Right, from the Bismarckian school in the nineteenth century to Fascism and Nazism in the twentieth, believes in the perpetuation of supreme and unrestricted state power over the individuals and the totality of their intellectual and mental forces.

As the latter form of Totalitarianism sees in the "national State" the highest possible order to which human beings may attain, its aversion to international agreements and a policy of peace is a natural consequent. As that State is vested with practically divine qualities, war becomes a moral instrument, and neither individual nor any other rights or obligations must stand in its way.

Hence it is obvious, too, that there can be no place in such a State for any kind of positive religion, and in particular not for Christianity. This fact once realized, the fluctuations of the Church struggle in Germany for instance, with its alternating periods of more or less accentuated state pressure upon religion, become a matter of second importance. Of primary importance is the fact that the principle of State Totalitarianism and the idea of Christianity are incompatible. In his essay on religion Hegel says:

> It is in the organization of the State that the Divine has come into the earthly reality which has become filled with it; in the same organization that reality has become justified. . . . The true redemption, whereby the Divine One is realized in the sphere of earthly reality, consists in the moral and legal life of the State.

The only duty of religion, he explains, is to strengthen the power of the State, and only as long as it is able to do so can it be tolerated; in consequence, religion is only of a "truthful nature" if it is free from "negative and polemic direction in regard to the State which it recognizes and endorses."

This is indeed the very spirit which dominates the totalitarian State of today, making a genuine accord between it and the Church impossible. Obviously the Church cannot and does not recognize "the State" as the supreme good and as the judge of morals. The Christian's first duty is to obey God, and God's place can never be taken by idolized conceptions of Blood, Race, Leadership or State supremacy. And though the Church teaches loyalty toward the government to which the individuals belong, it does not recognize any privileged nation or privileged form of government.

Hegel realized this when he wrote in his "Philosophy of History" "that is it not possible to make a reasonable constitution with the Catholic Church" and his disciples in present-day Germany are equally frank in expressing that view. The Minister for Church Affairs, Herr Kerrl, in a public address on February 13, 1937, said:

> The National Socialist party represents a positive Christianity. The question of the Divinity of Christ is ridiculous and inessential. A new authority has arisen as to what Christ and Christianity really are—Adolf Hitler.

Religion and State become thereby one, but as it is the State (and its "leader") which determines what religion should be, the latter is reduced to a mere handmaiden of the political power, which usurps supreme rights over the individuals and against the other national communities. Whatever a State like that does is moral in itself and does not require any further sanctioning by Divine or human law.

I need not repeat the well-known teachings of the Church as to the dignity of man, conceivable only in a realm of freedom and objective justice. It will suffice to deduce from the doctrine of the totalitarian State its inevitable consequences:

The State, powerful and independent as it might appear, is based on a human foundation; how then can the State have greatness, morals, freedom and all other qualities the adherents of Totalitarianism attribute to it, if the individuals have none of them? It would seem that the primitive mathematical fact—the sum of zeros never exceeds zero—applies here as well!

And this is the secret of the totalitarian State—its pretended strength is in reality weakness, hence its terror as a social institution, and its fear of individual rights, which it claims do not exist.

What to the outward observer appears sometimes to be peace and order, is concealed anarchy, as it is based on a misconception and violation of human nature, the law of which is freedom in Christ. Christians in all the countries of the world would be well advised in realizing that much more than mere "political" principles are involved in the struggle of Totalitarianism against democracy, which threatens to destroy the foundations of the last two thousand years.

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OLD DUBLIN DAYS

By WINIFRED M. LETTS

TODAY when I go through Dublin and some wind blows, heavy with the rich malt smell from the brewery that bears the name of Guinness, I am suddenly a child again. We are clop-clopping in the brougham along the rough setts of the Dublin quays. We are driving back to the ordered ways of a household where Lord Salisbury is venerated as the wisest of men and Mr. Gladstone is condemned as a wicked old man who has robbed the Church of Ireland, allowed Gordon to be murdered and toyed with a terrible danger called the Home Rule bill.

The malt smell brings it all back, the dingy look of the quays, the ragged old women, the barefoot children and—how can I explain it?—a queer excited feeling that made me want to stand on a barrel and address the crowd. I had no idea what I meant to say, it was something vague about Conn of the Hundred Battles and Brian Boru, and then I should sing the "Shan Van Vogh" and the crowd would cheer and carry me shoulder-high. The dream ended abruptly as we drove across the Phoenix Park and our elders began to talk of the "Park Murder." The period when one murder could be so important and leave such a memory seems remote indeed. Who has time today to dwell on one murder before another, equally futile and dreadful, has been committed in the name of some ideal that is as fierce in demand for human sacrifice as the goddess Kali?

"Ah!" an aunt would say, "that was the very place! Lord Frederick Cavendish had only his walking-stick when he tried to defend himself and Mr. Burke. But the murderers had knives."

I felt a sort of importance because I had been born in the year of the Park murder. "Yes," my mother told us, "and your Uncle Ernest was crossing the Park just before the murder and he noticed the men lying under a tree, and the car not far off. They must have been the very men who did it." Then the story was told again, and names most sinister to childish minds like Skin-the-goat would be spoken. The mysterious sentence, "Carey turned Queen's evidence," gave me a vague picture of Carey, and I listened, mouth open, to the tale of his attempt to reach another country, of the pursuit and his death by an avenger's bullet.

It was all very exciting but also remote. The park at the moment was washed in afternoon sunshine, the hawthorns were pink with fading blossom. The fallow deer lay in peaceful parties, does in one direction, stags in another. The Viceregal gardens might have a flashing of gay Victorian gowns; I remember, as in a dream, Lady Zetland walking among her guests. It was all as stable as the rocks. The forces of Her Majesty Queen Victoria were all about us. They held reviews and sham fights in the park; and in the Constabulary barracks, not far off, young men were being trained to defend us and our goods. And so it would be for ever and ever, Amen. I am thinking of the late eighties.

Now my mind dwells on the early twentieth century when we were in Ireland not as summer visitors but as householders to whom Dublin was a shopping center and so a less exciting place.

But this was the time of the literary revival, a fire of smoldering logs, fanned to a blaze by a young poet called William Butler Yeats. With the precious shillings of youth I bought his poems and thereafter walked about in a Celtic twilight myself, seeing the mountains and the sea, the great beeches, the rowans, the golden whinbushes in a magical light. Often now I try to recapture that *comether* of wonder that lay like a mist in the mountain valleys and shone in the primrose of the western sky behind the round mass of the three-rock mountain, the woods of Tibradden, the slopes of Kilmashogue, that faery mountain of the "Crock of Gold." But I cannot recapture it. I see mountains and trees and sky, the visible beauties of a land where terrible and cruel things have always been done. But in those days of youth the stars still sang and the Sons of God shouted for joy. And the same poet, William Butler Yeats, was to be seen in the streets of Dublin, rather dreamy (as one hoped and expected), hands behind back, in a world remote from tangible things, yet visible in such a place as the Arts Club. Or one might see him, shepherded by that mother of the literary revival, Lady Gregory.

Looking back I see that it is no mean experience of youth to have seen Lady Gregory and heard her, to have watched Synge, and Yeats, Padraic Colum, and James Stephens at meeting or at play. But the best, the richest memory of all I count it, to recall A.E. as he was in Plunkett House or in his own home in Garville Avenue, Dublin. The most lovable, the most paternal of all the immortals, his door was open to the young, the eager, the aspiring. That glamor which in those days I saw in the streets of Dublin, catching sight of St. Andrew's spire against the sky, the pavements opalescent with evening light; or, it might be seeing the moony lights of the gates of Stephen's Green—that same glamor was reflected in every picture signed A.E.

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Apart from magical figures, shining ones, winged horses, star-crowned queens, his pictures held the magic of a world in its dawning, a world unhackneyed, unsullied, old as time but fresh as Eden. They meant to me at once all that I found with difficulty in his poems. His meaning was so often beyond words; it was the magic in music, the something just beyond sight, that wonder which lures every follower of the Grail, every seeker after beauty, every pilgrim craving God. I was wise in this youthful fervor, and found it a splendid hour when A.E., burly and bearded, passed me by. If he paused and looked through spectacles with his benignant eyes the hour was twice blessed.

I remember some debate when A.E. talked in that rounded Irish voice of his until, as they say, he would have charmed the bird from the bough. And up stood a slender youth with an aureole of hair about his thin face. It was a face typical of country Ireland, and his accent was of the Midlands. I was told that he was Padraic Colum, a young poet. Though his elders, greater poets, were there, he spoke bravely and I never forget a sort of wonder at his courage and free spirit.

I heard too that he was the author of a play being performed at the Abbey Theatre. And here I sit back and feel all the magic that was in the very name of the place. In that time the little new theatre was held suspect by many of the Protestant, Unionist class. They knew nothing of it and thought it must have something to do with this abhorred Nationalist movement. Surely it was a cousin, at least, of the Gaelic League and although, said they, some people who liked to be ultra-Irish approved such things, it was odd and affected to like them. Far better spend more money and go to the Theatre Royal or to the Gaiety Theatre.

In my family we were not theatre-goers. It was always a little extravagant, a slightly culpable indulgence, to go to a theatre. But sometimes one might regard a matinée as "improving" and worth the journey from the suburbs with tea at Bewley's café later on. When I found that the best seats were at the back of the pit and cost sixpence I had no qualms about expense. The Abbey was a little shabby, but the great beaten copper frames of the Youghal mirrors were lovely enough to fill the eye. The little orchestra made good music and one by one the Immortals of my fervent admiration would appear: William Yeats, vague and stooping a little; Lady Gregory in her black veil, the very essence of the great lady of Irish tradition, heedless of outward splendor, complete in her dignity of birth, breeding and intellectual supremacy; dark-haired, vivacious J. M. Synge, the leader of a new order. He had no patience, so he said in rhyme, with "the skinny Shee," he wrote violently, coarsely at times, but often with a beauty of speech and a rhythm that was an intensified reality of the speech of the glens of Wicklow and the valleys of Kerry.

Perhaps it was the enthusiasm of youth but I cannot think that the Abbey Theatre ever knew quite such a glory as in those days when the brothers, William and Frank Fay, were producing the plays of Yeats, Lady Gregory and Synge. They were unspoiled, careless of gain, passionate artists. With them they had their own actress wives, women full of eagerness and humor, and such speakers and players, rare to find, as Sara Allgood and her sister who acted as Maire O'Neill. Moments of those theatre-going Saturdays are with me yet. There was my first experience of Synge's play, "Riders to the Sea," a tragedy which leaves any human-hearted audience silent with sorrow. For here indeed is Greek tragedy, a purging by pity and fear. With a sister I sat spellbound. We had never seen acting like it, so quiet, so fated, so charged with all emotion, yet so restrained by the resignation of a people ever at odds with death. We came out without speech into the careless, daylight streets of the city and went, almost shamefacedly, to our sixpenny tea.

In those days I could walk blithely among imagined woes. The spell of Synge's plays was upon me as upon many. I devised a play of a murder done on a bog and as I wrote it I fell into the Synge manner and used the same idiom. Without a word to my family I sent up the play to the directors. To my own surprise I received a letter to say that the play had found favor and that I was to call at such a time at the Abbey Theatre.

My mother was entirely outside literary fashion. She was by education Victorian, and drama for her had stopped with Shakespeare. She could recite long speeches from Schiller and Goethe but she had never heard of Yeats or Synge and poetry she thought had been buried with Lord Tennyson. She took a devoted and eager interest in my verses and stories but a play was outside her concern.

I went alone and in fear to the Abbey Theatre, a shy, unfashionable girl who had no idea what to say or do. I was met by a young man in glasses with manuscripts bulging from his pockets. He was Mr. Iden Payne, the manager. I found myself at the back of the stage among carpenters and people who might be actors for all I knew. Mr. Yeats appeared and spoke kindly. I understood that my play would be produced. Presently a little man in pince-nez came up and shook my hand. At once I was happy—this was William Fay, the most poetical actor of comedy in our generation. He said that they were rehearsing "Deirdre" and told me to sit with him in the stalls. Then I saw an actress whose strange exotic charm has made her unforgettable as I look back to those old Dublin days. The stage saw too little

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of her—Mr. Max Beerbohm discerned her rare quality and praised her but this was the only time that I knew her to get her due. On this day she was rehearsing "Deirdre" and now she had her proper part as the lovely, fated princess of legend. I forgot my own little play in the joy of her art. I have never seen a Deirdre who could so fulfil one's dreams as Mona Limerick.

In the casting of my play I was lucky indeed: I had Frank and William Fay, Sara Allgood and Brigid Fay. It was a poor little piece. I can laugh at it now and despise it, and yet the blind beggar was a good part for Frank Fay and the moment when he saw the ghost of the murdered man at the fireside was a dramatic moment. It went off on the first night with no excitement. I went to the Greenroom and felt the young booby that maybe I seemed. Everyone was kind. Lady Gregory was cutting a large barnbrack of a sort that she often brought for the actors. I knew that I was a stranger in this world but I had found links with it. From that time onward I called the Fay family my friends and was the richer. I went to the matinée that week and sat in the pit behind a stout lady with bugles in her bonnet. I thought that she was impressed by my play because she sat rigid when the blind man saw the ghost. For a second the bugles in her bonnet ceased shaking. But as the curtain fell she turned to her friend with, "Well! I don't think much of *that*."

Although I cannot remember that my mother ever went to the Abbey Theatre or knew anything of the plays there, she took a lively interest in the actors whom she met after my introduction, just because they were human beings. Miss Mona Limerick, in home life a married woman with three children, appealed instantly to her sympathy. In an old and exceedingly stuffy cab my mother drove off to see "that beautiful woman" and give advice about the children.

By the two Fays and their respective wives she was charmed first and last. Indeed in her quick, prejudiced way she condemned some clerical friend of her daughters: "I thought he would be like Willie Fay," she said. "I can't forgive him because he's not." Frank Fay was for the rest of his life her passionate admirer. They had many enthusiasms, many hatreds in common. Both were idealists born in a crooked generation. I remember the little pile of books put ready when Frank Fay was coming to tea. She had selections for him to read. I think it was the Book of Isaias that enthralled him so much that he went on reading without regard to time and the problem arose as to how we could stop him and have supper.

I write of my mother because she belonged to the old Dublin before "the Troubles," and although she lived on after that big transition she was alien and miserable in the change. She had known the mid-Victorian Dublin, had met Lady Wilde, the mother of Oscar, and had seen, though from afar, the greatest Viceregal period. She could adapt herself to pre-war Dublin but not to the coming of the Free State.

One of our visitors was of her own period, Alfred Perceval Graves, the writer of many songs, most famous, though against his choice, for his song, "Father O'Flynn." In his day he had written the lyrics set by Charles Stanford, the greatest musician to come from Dublin. The voice of an elder sister singing "My Love's an Arbutus" or "The Little Red Lark" comes to me over the years and I was proud enough when I was asked to write songs that Stanford could set and Plunket Greene sing. In an old note-book I had been scribbling verses in any convenient moment, generally beside a perambulator where a little niece was sleeping. It was through Charles Graves, another Irishman, that these verses saw daylight and later appeared as "Songs from Leinster."

In a life of eighty-six years my mother had seen the changes of a Dublin passing from one tradition to another and yet another. There was one change that she welcomed with all her truly Catholic spirit, I mean the nearer approach of the various forms of Christian religion to one another. In her young days there had been all too little social meeting between Protestants and Roman Catholics. Each Church had remained within a high fence. In the Dublin of the twentieth century the fences were falling and the sheep from one fold boldly meeting the sheep of the other and finding them as white and as virtuous sheep as themselves.

Certain literary women of that time did much to foster this friendliness, this knowing people of different opinions, a habit that Ireland has needed so badly. Two of them were firm friends of my mother, beloved by her in return for their affection. One was Katherine Tynan, a poet whose words were like the buttercups and daisies of life in their simplicity and beauty. The other was Rosa Mulholland, one of those poets who say a little well.

Already the feet of the younger writers were on the threshold. The Celtic twilight had faded, Synge's herds and tinkers and playboys had passed by and now the days of violence were to bring their own writers. Sean O'Casey, a man who knew the tenements of Dublin as no one else knew them, had written a play. His gunmen and "porter-sharks" and charwomen were holding the stage instead of gods and heroes and small farmers. T. C. Murray, with his own sense of the reality of country Ireland, had come to the front.

The world was changing, Ireland with her own affairs in troubled suspense, was suddenly in the eddies of that tremendous storm, the Great War. The Dublin of these recollected days had passed like a film that is played out.

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MUSIC IS YOURS

By FRANCES BOARDMAN

IT IS the hour between the closing of shops and offices and the announcement of dinner. One by one they come in and settle themselves near the lively pine-wood fire, perhaps reaching for the additional comfort of a cigarette, until my living-room is pleasantly filled by a dozen or more men and women, all of them ready to top off the day's work by an hour of informal contact with music.

Sitting there are two or three priests, an assorted company of attractive girls just released from business and professional duties, three colored women of varying ages, and a young man just starting his banking career. A colored girl in the late 'teens moves quietly into her place beside the phonograph, and conversation trails off into expectant silence, a silence broken by the invocation of Mozart, or Beethoven, or Wagner with a very minimum of fitting ceremony, so that the rest of the hour can be devoted to his music.

What we do on these Friday afternoons would probably be listed under the general head of music appreciation, although I dislike the term because of its frequently dismal and often misleading connotations. Long experience as an observer of innumerable classes, courses and methods, all designed to attract the layman's attention to music, with or without his conscious cooperation, has made me something of a rebel against the principles upon which most of them operate. And for the impetus which turned formless disapproval into a positive program, I am indebted to the shyly voiced appeal of a young girl who, at the moment, had been selling me stamps through a cashier's window. That was perhaps six years ago.

Knowing me as the music critic of the newspaper which employed both of us, she put some introductory question concerning a concert she had attended the night before, and went on to explain that, like several of her friends, she loved music, but was disturbed by the realization that, for want of information, she was missing a great deal that the experience should hold for her. The result of our conversation was a series of sessions held each Sunday noon in my apartment, and I can honestly say that it was I who did the learning through that season. The whole experience was illuminating and delightful.

Subsequent necessary changes of schedule have reshaped somewhat the character of this initial undertaking, and for some years past it has been an October-to-June affair of Monday afternoons. The Friday conclave referred to at the beginning of this article is an institution only about four months old, and the personnel represents varieties of musical experience and intellectual interest exactly as numerous as the individuals present. Not one of them, of course, comes for a standard training in the theory and practise of music; I should have to send them elsewhere if they did. What perhaps most of them really want is a point of view for immediate use—some equipment with which to meet the imminent symphony concert or radio program; a bit of solid ground upon which to stand while growing gradually familiar with the musical landscape.

The very flexible plan in operation with this particular group is based on my firm conviction that unimpeded, unembarrassed sensory experience should come first, and detailed investigation afterward, and the specific starting-point was a statement to the effect that a consensus of opinion, expressed over long years by the best qualified of judges, would probably agree on six names as those of the world's greatest composers, although there would be plenty of dissension among the appraisers over gradation of the six. The list, naturally, names Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Wagner and Brahms, and I mentioned my belief that a workable degree of familiarity with their music would automatically open the door to an infinitely wider field of appreciation.

Again, trying to avoid what I feel to be the unwisdom of interposing an entanglement of explanation between the hearer and what he is to hear, I have limited introductory discussion to the briefest possible orientation of the composer in time and place, and as to his more salient characteristics, trying, at the same time, to find a point of juncture with some universally familiar bit of history. As an example, it was suggested that Mozart was living and working during the years of the American War of Independence, of which he probably knew next to nothing, and cared even less. Frequently, after the music has been allowed to make its unhampered first impression, there is more extended discussion of its author and his times, and the recommendation to use the resources of the public library for further investigation.

The music itself is offered without apology, structural analysis or propitiatory explanation. I like to add an occasional reminder that, while the composer had to know all about the science and the mechanics of his art, he asked no such expertness of his listeners, and hoped only to be allowed to speak, through his music, directly to the heart of their consciousness. I try to explain, too, that there is no necessity for an attempt at

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capturing specific mental images, and that to lose track of a theme in the course of its development, or of symphonic movements, is nothing to worry about.

What I want to establish as quickly as possible is the conviction that the privilege of listening to a Beethoven symphony, or a Wagnerian opera, or whatever it may be, is infinitely desirable and delightful, and immediately so. I want to communicate the idea that music should be accepted as a matter of course, and as common property, on the same basis with beauty of every kind.

No one expects a student to stay indoors until he has learned the names of the botanical specimens growing outside. No normal person denies himself the splendor of sunset and moonrise until he has studied astronomy. Why should we have proceeded so differently with music? It would be stupid and arrogant to declare that only retardation has come of a generation of effort toward cultivating the appreciation of music, but if my experience is typical, and there is no reason to believe it otherwise, there is a very large number of potential music patrons who have been worried or scared away from enjoyment of their birthright by the uncomfortable suspicion that important music is only for the inner group of initiates who "understand" it—by which they mean those who somehow grasp all of its scientific and intellectual predications.

My job has been to wipe out such misapprehension and to determine the best way to effect a completely unhampered, unmuffled contact between the composer and the listener.

To those mentors, teachers, counsellors, whatever they should be called, who have not tried it, there might be an exciting revelation in the response from wholly inexperienced concert-goers, some of them scarcely acquainted, if at all, with the spectacle of a symphony orchestra in action, to the presentation of an entire unfamiliar symphony. Usually I preface such a presentation by suggesting the adoption of comfortably relaxed positions, in anticipation of the undeniable length of what is about to be played. The impression being visibly made upon freshly receptive minds by —well, the ones that come to mind at the moment are the Mozart G minor, the Beethoven Third, the Brahms Second and, of course, the Schubert "Unfinished"—is deeply moving. Given a chance, music imparts its own blessing in its own way.

To return to the plan of action, after devoting a brief two or three sessions to each of the six, I hope that the general music scene will have taken on at least something of a skeletal outline in the imaginations of the listeners, and we shall then try to fit the great secondary names where they belong. After that—perhaps next year—there will be recapitulation, expansion, but always in terms of the music itself.

Phonograph records are used almost exclusively for illustration. And I feel that there are specific values in the conduct of such courses in quiet, intimate surroundings, completely untouched by association with the customary educational or professional centers of activity. It means release from the tensions of routine, and it provides something else that is more important than might superficially appear: proximity to out-of-doors. The most beautiful concert hall in the world can offer no substitute for the experience of listening to music within sight of budding trees, or falling snow, the fading dusk, and hills on a far horizon. And there is a profound relationship between the phenomena of natural light and the phenomena of music.

I cannot be sure that this way of trying to knit music into the texture of daily human consciousness is the only one, or the best one. Certainly there are plenty of dissenters, judging by the number of courses pursued along quite different lines. (I am not speaking now of formal music-school curricula, where objectives are different, and must be differently attained.) And incidentally, I do try to emphasize the importance of following up music experience with musical knowledge, and to point out the intensification of pleasure to be derived from cultivating as many approaches as possible.

Those of us, however, who are trying to meet the need from an unorganized standpoint, and dealing with wholly ungraded material, had best, it seems to me, proceed somewhat in the manner of a doctor with new patients. The client who applies for relief from pain is not first given a lecture on anatomy and the circulation of the blood; he is examined and dealt with on a strictly personal basis, with the emphasis on his immediate necessities. If, after the emergency is past, he wishes to investigate the causes of his ailment, and to analyze its pathological implications, he may do it to any extent dictated by curiosity and the available supply of reference books.

So it is with those who want help toward the assimilation of music. They must have direct aid because, especially in these radioactive times, every day brings a fresh challenge to their readiness in this respect, and every day brings fresh sources of enjoyment. If I can do a little bit, here and there, to clear away the old dusty tangle of fear that Brahms is too "heavy," Wagner too complex, Beethoven too formal and Bach too cerebral for daily use, that symphonies need a lot of explaining before they can be enjoyed, that operas are something to go to if you have evening clothes; if I can be truly convincing when I say to these weekly guests, "Music is yours, all of it; take it as naturally as you take sunshine and fresh air"—if I can do that, then I shall feel that perhaps these music hours are being as helpful to a few others as they are satisfying to me.

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EIRE

By SEUMAS O'BRIEN

"WELL," said the man from Cork to the man from Kerry who sat beside him in the subway on an uptown train, "Ireland has changed her name again to Eire. I suppose the next thing we will hear is that America has changed her name to Ireland."

"Ireland," said the man from Kerry, "if the truth were told, is always doing something crazy. And whether or not you like to believe it, we are the most ridiculous people on the face of the earth."

"Thank God for that," sighed the man from Cork. He never agreed with anyone or anything since the day he was born. "But just the same I don't agree with you," he replied.

"You will if you have the grace to listen to what I have to say."

The man from Cork grew impatient. He never acquired the art of listening to anyone except himself.

"To begin with," said the man from Kerry, "I know of no race of people, free or fettered, who boasts more about their saints and scholars and cares less than the Irish. We rarely read, let alone buy, Irish books, and we know little or nothing about painting, sculpture or architecture. The only time we become aware of the existence of either sculpture or architecture is when we feel like pulling the statue of an English monarch off his pedestal in Dublin or elsewhere, or destroying a beautiful structure like the Dublin Custom House."

"Any kind of a beginning is encouraging," said the man from Cork. "You must not forget that we were not allowed to develop an interest in the arts of peace. Personally, I think it would be a good thing if every specimen of foreign art and architecture were removed from Ireland. Then we might do something worth while ourselves. Foreign influence has been responsible for many of our sins against good taste. We have to thank the English for our bad manners. It is a well-known fact that before they came we always answered letters and said good-day to our neighbors."

"You are exasperating," said the man from Kerry. "I was talking about books and I want to say that only for the Americans and the Jews the Irish writers would starve to death."

"The Irish never starve to death," said the man from Cork. "I never knew an Irishman yet who didn't know where to find a good meal when he wanted one. And what, may I ask, is surprising about the fact that the Americans and the Jews support the Irish writers? Isn't Ireland the articulate part of the Greater Ireland Beyond the Seas? There are more people of Gaelic origin now in America than anywhere else. And any unprejudiced anthropologist will tell you that they have assimilated the other races. The few that have not been absorbed will disappear in time. And as for the Jews, be it said to their credit that they have intelligence enough to understand and appreciate the Irish."

"It takes more than intelligence or patience to understand the Irish. You cannot deny that the English are intelligent. They have Shakespeare to prove it," said the man from Kerry. "If we were only half as intelligent we would have colonized America after Saint Brendan, a county man of mine, discovered it for us in the sixth century. But we were too busy minding everyone's business except our own to come here abundantly until we were forced to do so at the time of the Great Famine. And despite the fact that we have first claim on America, the destined home of the Gael, you might search from coast to coast and not find a single memorial to Saint Brendan."

"That is very easily explained," said the man from Cork. "The Irish sculptors have been too busy making memorials to English kings and queens. It was an Irishman named John Hughes who made the memorial to Queen Victoria in Dublin, and another Irishman, Ruben Sheppard, who helped to make the Queen Victoria Memorial in London. And it was not an Irishman who made the memorial to Father Francis P. Duffy, chaplain to the famous Sixty-ninth Regiment, in Times Square."

"And yet you claim we are not ridiculous," said the man from Kerry. "In how many churches in Ireland or America can you find Irish stained glass? And no one will deny that the Irish artists have excelled in this kind of work. And how much of the statuary representing our patron saint at home or abroad was made in Ireland? If Saint Patrick could only come back and see himself as he is usually represented, a poor feeble old man in the last stages of senile decay wearing vestments that were unknown in his day and age, instead of being represented as a virile middle-aged man wearing the garb of his time, he would be the most surprised man in all the world. And all this happens because we don't read enough to know whether the Romans gave the kilt to the Scotch or the Scotch gave the kilt to the Romans."

"It wasn't much of a gift in either case," said the man from Cork. "I would rather have my knees covered on a cold day than exposed to wind and weather, in either Scotland or Rome."

"We pride ourselves on our honesty and integrity and yet we make a business of the Irish Sweepstake, a form of gambling prohibited in the countries that believe in the art of trying to get something for nothing," said the man from Kerry.

"The only fault I have to find with the Sweepstake is that one must be either an Italian barber or a Czechoslovakian waiter to draw a winning number," said the man from Cork.

A small dark man with a volume of poems under his arm passed by.

"There goes Padraic Colum, the Irish poet," said the man from Cork.

"He has lived for over twenty years abroad when he should be back in Ireland, a source of inspiration to his own people. And what has he done of consequence since he came to America?" asked the man from Kerry.

"He has learned to smoke cigarettes, eat spaghetti, and sing 'The Star-Spangled Banner,' and incidentally he

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writes a book or two every year. A record anyone might feel proud of," said the man from Cork.

"I don't believe he can sing 'The Star-Spangled Banner,'" said the man from Kerry. "I heard for a fact that the only expatriate Irishman who can sing America's national anthem without missing a word or a line is George Bernard Shaw. And if that is not a ridiculous accomplishment for a man like him, I'd like to know what is."

"Shaw can afford to be ridiculous, and no one knows that better than himself," said the man from Cork.

"But to continue, lest I forget what I started out to say," said the man from Kerry, "we have been grumbling, groaning and annoying the whole world for seven hundred years because we suffered from alien domination, and now that we are about to break with England we don't want anyone but a foreigner to lead us. We've got the bad habit and cannot get rid of it. And how ironic it all is when you consider that we have given presidents to the United States, Mexico and France and given generals and admirals galore to England."

"You are referring to De Valera, I presume."

"Yes."

"An Irish pebble in an English plum pudding," smiled the man from Cork.

"No, but a Spanish cobblestone in an Irish stew," replied the man from Kerry. "According to Colum, he was the only one of those who took an active part in the 1916 Rebellion who never wrote a poem."

"Unforgivable," interrupted the man from Cork.

"And only for the poets of Easter Week he would not be where he is today. Now that he has power amounting to that of a dictator there is hardly a poet or a man of letters left in the country. George Bernard Shaw, Sean O'Casey, James Stephens, St. John Ervine are in England; James Joyce is in France; Padraic Colum, Joseph Campbell, Seumas MacManus, Ernest Boyd, Pat Quinlan and others are in America," continued the man from Kerry.

"We become the thing we hate," said the man from Cork. "Queen Elizabeth banished the Irish bards, and De Valera commits the unpardonable sin of allowing the Irish bards of his own day to suffer in luxury—pardon, I mean in exile."

"Dublin, which should be a center of culture like Athens of old when Diogenes unwittingly tried to solve the housing problem in his own simple way, is now we are told an intellectual wilderness," said the man from Kerry.

"Whoever happens to be at the head of the state always gets the blame when things go wrong. Whatever De Valera's faults are, it is true, as Francis Hackett ably said, that he stands for the instinctive rights of the Irish people. Ireland had troubles before him and she will have troubles after him. What would you have him do so that some of the ills of the moment may be lessened?" asked the man from Cork.

"I would have him recall all the expatriate poets, artists and men of letters, and raise them to the social status of policemen or postmen by giving each a pension and a comfortable house to live in," said the man from Kerry.

"An excellent idea," said the man from Cork.

"W. B. Yeats, of course should be made poet laureate, and each county should be allowed to elect its own head poet. That would create a native intellectual aristocracy, and be the means of saving Ireland from herself and her enemies," said the man from Kerry.

"Many of the old castles now going to rack and ruin could be turned into homes for the wandering bards or into museums or art galleries for each county. Or failing that, Strongbow's spacious castle could be converted into a modern apartment-house, and each poet given a flat to himself," said the man from Cork.

"You forgot to add that there should be enough of Civic Guards nearby to restore tranquillity whenever an argument got out of control. Ireland cannot do without her poets any more than her poets can do without her, and if De Valera doesn't want to emulate old Queen Elizabeth, he will have them all singing like larks and linnets at home once again instead of withering away in want of the right kind of inspiration in foreign lands," said the man from Kerry.

The train stopped. "Where did you intend to get off?" asked the man from Cork.

"At Times Square."

"We are now at Columbia University."

Lamplight

This is Brunnehilde's magic fire-ring,
This little blue-flamed circle of a wick
That holds at bay the owl-enchanted night.
A piece of black and shining anthracite
Out of the earth's deep heart;
Strange hydrocarbons, hardened layer on layer
By cold and time; and, after ages, mined
By pick and shovel and the sweat of men;
Till from it all these drops of oil, refined,
Leap from a liquid into light, and then
Drop back to darkness once again,
Making the circle of the centuries complete.
But for tonight
Its light will hem us in.
Here in this quiet room the paraffin
Is kind to love. The lamp is quick
To catch the glint in not-young hair
And eyes.
From mirrors, lamp-bemused, new youth looks out
And holds a decade back. Elsewhere
All else is changed. The age must snap,
Must charge, must galvanize.
But that is down the mountain, not up here
Where coal-oil keeps a mellow tryst with time.
Electric currents generate in air;
Through dynamos they come to instant birth.
This lamplight is the slowly burning core
Of time and earth.

FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON.

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Seven Days' Survey

The Church.—*Catholic Action* for March reports a marked increase in the sale of pamphlets the country over. The use of pamphlets in college and adult education work appears to be growing. Total sales of 15 American firms were 4,439,705 in 1936. * * * The Catholic Union of the Unemployed in New York has decided, after a series of meetings, to set up a cooperative shop to utilize the various skills of its members. A peaceful and reasonable technique for bringing grievances to the attention of local relief authorities has been developed and farm communes are to be established. A similar group is starting in St. Louis. * * * *La Vie Catholique* has devoted a special issue to the famous Lenten sermons given each year at the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris. The first series was preached by Father Henri Lacordaire more than 100 years ago. For the second time in the history of the series the preacher this year is a secular priest, Canon Chevrot of the Archdiocese of Paris. * * * The oldest community of Colored Catholic Sisters in the United States is the Oblate Sisters of Providence, founded in Baltimore in 1828 by two Sulpician priests. They now have 212 members who conduct three academies, four high schools, a normal school and two orphanages for the Negroes. * * * Reverend Joseph Dukes, S.J., of Liverpool, England, has formed a "Lapsed Catholics Club" whose members are known only to him and are referred to publicly only by number. Weekly prayers in behalf of each member are offered by the parochial Apostleship of Prayer. * * * There are 12,191 native students for the priesthood in mission lands throughout the world. In the words of Archbishop Celso Constantini, who served as the first Apostolic Delegate to China and is now secretary of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, "Native-staffed missions represent the final goal, the crowning achievement of long weary years of apostolic labor by the foreign missioners."

The Nation.—The Interstate Commerce Commission handed down its decision on the freight rate increases for which the railways had applied. Rises of from 5 to 10 percent were granted. These by no means met the railroad demands, and railway economy was left, in everybody's estimation, well up in the air. * * * The majority of the House Naval Committee reported favorably the administration's $1,121,000,000 naval construction bill. * * * The executive reorganization bill was running into a tempest similar in character to, if not so violent as, the one which blew around the Supreme Court bill. Opponents again charged the administration with contempt for economy and with intentions of establishing a dictatorship. * * * A Senate-House conference cut out the power the House had given the President to veto individual items in appropriation bills. Another possible economy move was thus killed. * * * President Roosevelt called the three directors of the TVA to see him March 11 and give facts, not suspicions, about their disputes. It was not yet determined who would form the committee or hearing to investigate the TVA. Senator Norris and the administration wanted the I.C.C. to do it, but Congress had not agreed. * * * A bill drafted under the direction of Senator Carter Glass to eliminate bank holding companies was brought into the Senate. There are about 50 holding companies operating 500 banks out of a total of about 15,000. The law would not affect branch banking, but only holding companies. * * * Thomas Kennedy has been definitely and finally put forward to run in the Pennsylvania primaries for the Democratic nomination for governor. This officer of the U.M.W. union is the candidate of the C.I.O. and is opposed by the regular state and national organizations of the Democrats. The primary will furnish the biggest test yet held of the C.I.O.'s political strength.

The Wide World.—The French Cabinet informed the Senate and Chamber of Deputies that the franc was below thirty-one to the dollar and that the country was faced with the necessity, if it desired to keep its place in the European armament race, of raising 20,000,000,000 francs. * * * The First District Court in Mexico City issued a temporary injunction restraining the Federal Labor Board from enforcing the Supreme Court decision granting wage increases to the employees of seventeen American and British oil companies. * * * Following the loss of the 10,000-ton cruiser Baleares, the Nationalist government reinforced its blockading fleet with armed trawlers and other converted auxiliary vessels. * * * A free assembly of workers' delegates convened in Vienna to consider the line Austrian labor should take in defense of the nation's independence. A number of leading Austrians protested vigorously against the steadily growing Nazi propaganda. * * * Premier Milan Hodza told the Chamber of Deputies that Czechoslovakia would remain loyal to the League of Nations. He stressed the unbroken solidarity of the Little Entente and asserted that the nation would defend itself against aggression. He intimated readiness to negotiate with Germany, but only on a footing of perfect equality. * * * Polish Foreign Minister Josef Beck visited Rome for a series of conferences with Premier Mussolini and Foreign Minister Ciano. Poland will insist upon an invitation to join the four-power pact, if Anglo-Italian conversations are successful.

* * * *

Flood.—March 2 brought to a close five days of rain that were to Southern California the worst period of storm it has experienced in a quarter of a century. Los Angeles was isolated from the world on that afternoon, when three transcontinental railroads announced they had been forced to suspend operations because of washouts and flooded lines. The Pacific Electric Railway, largest interurban system in the world, was badly crippled, with service halted between Los Angeles and the foothill cities.

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Severing of communications between San Francisco and Los Angeles in the underground cables containing 1,000 or more wires was announced by the Pacific Telephone Company. Wires were snapped by slides in many places, poles by the scores were down in widely scattered localities, and repair crews had to be called from all over California. Road service was paralyzed and for a time on March 3 the only communication Los Angeles had with the outside world was by radio, which also failed when there was a break in the power line from Boulder Dam. In Los Angeles itself water rushed along the street in some places so strong that it forced cars against the curb, and the Los Angeles River destroyed twenty-one bridges, crippling rail and auto traffic. The dead are now put at 125, and 100 missing, while property damage is figured at $65,000,000, with 3,500 made homeless. In the outlying districts the raging torrent surged through the heart of the citrus empire of Riverside and Orange Counties, devastating some of the richest orchards and finest residential areas. The most tragic stories of the floods came from Orange County. Two little communities east of Santa Ana, the villages of Atwood and La Jolla, were completely washed out. Homes, business places and even huge oil tanks were swept away. The villages were occupied chiefly by Mexican laborers and their families. What prevented the disaster from being more serious than it was were the twelve reservoirs to the north of Los Angeles in the Sierra Madre Mountains. These dams caught some of the water and held it back from the city, which lies on a sloping plateau. Low mountains just south of the Los Angeles River protected most of Hollywood from the raging water. It was estimated by engineers that the dams were holding back 100,000 acre feet of water from the city; one acre foot of water is sufficient to cover one acre of land to a depth of one foot.

Appeasement.—The House of Commons gave Prime Minister Chamberlain a vote of confidence in rejecting, 351 to 134, a labor motion to amend a bill implementing Britain's huge rearmament program. The House also approved his statement on foreign policy by a 347 to 133 vote. Speaking at the start of an all-day debate on the recent White Paper, which foreshadowed the expenditure of £343,000,000 on rearmament in the coming financial year, Mr. Chamberlain argued that victory in war goes to the country with the greatest staying power and expressed the confidence that Britain's economic resources were such that no aggressor could defeat her. He stressed the weakness of the League of Nations but declared that its ideals were magnificent and must ultimately prevail. He denied that he had any love for dictatorships and insisted that British policy must "deal with a world in which dictators exist." Joachim von Ribbentrop, German Foreign Minister, arrived in London for a series of talks with Mr. Chamberlain and Viscount Halifax, British Foreign Secretary. Germany does not want credits but colonies and an agreement that British newspapers will exercise restraint in dealing with international problems. It is believed that Mr. Chamberlain would not hesitate to give a colony or two if he felt that he were getting something genuine and desirable in return. The British Ambassador to Italy, the Earl of Perth, called on Count Galeazzo Ciano, Italian Foreign Minister, for the purpose of establishing contact and conversations.

Trade Treaties.—On the fifth anniversary of his taking office, Secretary of State Hull issued a lengthy review memorandum. The review calls the reciprocal trade pacts an "indispensable part" of our program leading away from international strife, and "a standing offer to other nations to join with us in a determined effort to promote economic appeasement and security." In the five years, sixteen countries were signed up, nine of them Latin American nations. Negotiations were proceeding with five more at the time. Since then, on March 7, the Czech pact was signed. This brought an almost automatic reaction of alarm from the manufacturers of shoes and glass and beer and other products which are Czechoslovakia's most important specialties. After study, however, sentiment among industrialists and politicians became at least divided, if not definitely favorable. The pact was most important to New England. Last December 7, Australia cut certain import restrictions deemed discriminatory against the United States, and now negotiations for a tariff treaty with them are reaching maturity. The British dominions are dealt with separately, independently of the mother country. The treaty with the United Kingdom and its immediate colonies promises to be preceded by most intense negotiations. Hearings on the pact negotiations were to begin in Washington on March 14, and over 400 witnesses had applied for a hearing. It was apparently a bargaining proposition, with American interests fighting the lowering of our tariff duties and demanding concessions from England on our exports.

China.—With the capture of Puchow, the southern terminus of the narrow-gage railways that cuts Shansi in half, the Japanese forces claimed control of all the important cities in that province. The Chinese troops were reported to be abandoning conventional defenses for guerilla tactics there. The next step would seem to be the capture of Loyang or some other key point on the vital Lung-Hai railroad. Control of this rail line still enables the defenders to shift their forces to meet each new attempt to force a crossing of the Yellow River. On the western border of Shansi Province, Japanese troops are said to be in control of the three principal passes and thus threaten the railroad, Communist strongholds in Shensi and the temporary Chinese capital of Hankow. In a week of no major engagements there were several dispatches indicating Chinese successes in Northern Honan. Nanking today is described as a city of utter desolation—buildings ruined and deserted, thousands dragging out a pitiful existence in refugee camps where disease and death are rampant. Hallet Abend of the *Times* declares that the formerly thriving centers of Nanking and Hangchow are dead cities. In Tokyo dissension continued over the National Mobilization Bill and a bill for the subsidization of the armament industry was being seriously considered.

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Farm.—Mr. Bernard M. Baruch's testimony against present administrative policy included an attack on farm production and marketing control. Mr. Baruch said he favored an export subsidy. Secretary Wallace answered by calling this talk typically Republican. An export subsidy would ship our resources abroad below cost and would be overwhelmingly expensive. It would ruin the Hull reciprocal trading program and defeat soil conservation. * * * The WPA reported that 3,500,000 rural families, more than one out of four in the country, have received some sort of public relief during the depression. Rural workers on WPA rolls during March, 1937, numbered 800,000. In July there were 600,000, and there was a further decline of about 40,000 to November. Since then the number has been going up, but not nearly as fast as the need. In the cotton states of the South alone, the WPA estimates that at the present time there are 200,000 destitute rural cases getting no aid from central or local government. * * * The Jewish Agricultural Society, founded in 1900 to settle, aid and educate Jewish families on the land, announced that since its foundation it has made 12,313 farm loans, totaling $7,513,857. When the society was founded there were only 200 Jewish farm families in the country; now the Jewish farm population is about 100,000. * * * The President was said to be about to address a special informative message to Congress about phosphates, an essential to life and necessary fertilizer. The TVA has developed methods of extraction which permit the use of low-grade ores formerly of no value, and has invented fertilizer formulas of enormous usefulness. It is expected that a whole new industry can arise on the basis of low-grade western ores, and that if it does, agriculture will be greatly benefited.

New Zealand Centenary.—The centenary of the first Mass celebrated in New Zealand was commemorated with great solemnity. The Apostolic Vicariate of the Western Pacific Ocean, according to an article in the London *Tablet,* was erected in 1835 by Pope Benedict XVI. One year later the Marist Father Jean Baptiste François Pompallier was sent to Rome to receive episcopal consecration. He arrived with four priests and three lay Brothers early in 1838 on the northwest coast of the north island of New Zealand. From 1839 to 1846, a great movement took place among the Maoris in favor of Catholicism. Two years later New Zealand was divided into the two dioceses of Auckland and Wellington. The first Catholic school was opened in 1850 and the number of pupils increased rapidly. The prosperity of the mission, however, was ruined by Maori wars and the mission had to be completely reconstructed. From that time the history of the whole mission was one of continual progress. The two sees of Dunedin and Christchurch were erected, the latter a few months before the golden jubilee in 1888. In June, 1933, the latest date for which figures are available, the number of Catholics in New Zealand was 183,226, out of a total population, European and Maori, of 1,537,363. There were 182 primary schools with 20,386 pupils; 42 secondary schools, with 2,910 pupils; 4 seminaries, 3 hospitals, 10 orphanages. There were 332 priests, 165 Brothers, and 1,726 Sisters. Although less than one-seventh of the total population, the Catholic Church ranks third in numerical strength among the religious denominations, and in actual Sunday attendance would probably claim the lead.

Non-Catholic Religious Activities.—A World's Fair campaign to promote tolerance and good-will among various faiths of America was visualized by religious leaders following announcement that a non-sectarian temple of religious freedom will be erected as a leading aspect of the New York Fair. The architects who have been chosen are Oliver Regan, Alfred E. Poor and Clarence S. Stein. The religion building is intended for rest and meditation and will be situated in a "garden of silence." An organ in the tower will furnish music, and the interior of the building will be suitable for meetings and gatherings to promote interfaith amity. A fund of $300,000 for the erection of the building was pledged by religious leaders. * * * A breach between the government of Jugoslavia and the Serbian Orthodox Church was partially healed with the election of Bishop Gabriel, Metropolitan of Montenegro, as Patriarch of the Serbian Orthodox Church, succeeding Patriarch Varnanva who died in July, 1937. The new Patriarch was born in 1881 in Montenegro of a family of ecclesiastics. When the union of the various peoples which now form Jugoslavia took place, he was at the head of the national delegation which came to Belgrade to announce Montenegro's readiness to unite with the others in the formation of the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes. * * * The two most famous churches of Palestine—the Church of the Holy Sepulcher at Jerusalem and the Church of the Nativity at Bethlehem—are in grave danger of collapse. If Great Britain, as mandatory power, shouldered the whole cost, many British ratepayers would protest on the ground that these two Holy Places are occupied exclusively by non-Anglican bodies. The London *Times* suggests the setting up of an international and interdenominational committee under an impartial chairman to appeal for funds throughout Christendom.

Public Servant.—George Foster Peabody, widely known philanthropist and associate of President Roosevelt in infantile paralysis research work, died at his winter home, Pine Glade, Ga. He was eighty-five years old. Successful early in life as a banker and organizer of railroads and electric companies, he retired in 1906 when he was at the peak of his business career and devoted the rest of his life to educational, philanthropic, political and religious work, and to other matters of public concern. "When I came to see that the money which I had amassed was the work of others," he asserted, "I then and there decided to retire from business and become my own executor, to administer for the people that which rightfully belonged to them." He believed that wisely ordered educational effort was the supreme hope of mankind and that such effort was nothing but thinking. One of his later public services was as a member of the advisory council on the Virgin Islands. He was associated with

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Henry George in his single-tax movement, advocated woman suffrage and government ownership of railroads, and favored free trade. When he acquired property at Warm Springs he wrote Franklin D. Roosevelt, advising him to come down to Georgia to try swimming in a pool which had proved very beneficial to another sufferer from infantile paralysis. Mr. Roosevelt was soon able to discard crutches, ride horseback, and drive a motor car.

Housing.—Complementary suggestions for improving the nation's economic picture under the present capitalistic structure were voiced in Washington at a public hearing of the Senate Committee on Unemployment. Professor Alvin H. Hansen of Harvard University declared that "investment outlets are more difficult to find in a non-expanding economy" (a result in part of our stationary population and diminishing opportunities for foreign trade) but that they must be found to "sustain full employment and a satisfactory income level." Such an outlet was proposed by Professor Paul H. Douglas of the University of Chicago, who suggested that a sum of from $1,000,000,000 to $5,000,000,000 be made immediately available by the government for housing purposes provided that material prices and contractors' charges are cut, together with hourly wage rates (adequate yearly wages should be guaranteed). Several indications of increasing housing sentiment were manifest. In several districts Federal Housing Administration offices were unable to keep up with the demands for loans. Women voter groups in New York State sent resolutions in favor of extensive low-cost housing programs to Albany. As a temporary measure the Citizens Housing Council of New York recommended the rehabilitation of tenements in certain districts, but this was vigorously opposed by Langdon Post on the ground that the "buildings were structurally unsound and indecently planned." Everyone favored stricter enforcement of the city's tenement safety laws. Nathan Straus, United States Housing Administrator, reported that the estimated cost of two large New York City housing projects had been reduced to the required $1,250 a room.

Hope for France.—In the face of France's increasing economic difficulties and loss of prestige the editors of *Temps Présent* have brought out a special issue to inspire their compatriots with hope and indicate the direction of a viable national reconstruction along personalist lines. They do not appear overly optimistic. Daniel-Rops opens with a convincing appeal for national confidence, for loyalty to France above all considerations of party, for a new sense of civic responsibility and for genuine creative, constructive effort. Alexander Marc calls for a social conception of politics and economics through a new sense of community in rural villages and city neighborhoods. G. de Montfort and Adolphe Landry discuss the falling birth rate and the possibility of reconstruction through the family. In outlining the ideal of a new society composed of Christians and unbelievers but animated by the Christian spirit, Jacques Maritain maintains that although they have lost their way, the "freethinkers" of France with their passion for revolution and justice, far different from other atheists and racists, are inspired by the Gospels. He therefore thinks this new pluralist society historically possible in France. P. Henri-Simon declares, "Ten centuries of political development and intellectual meditation hardly disposes a people, and especially a baptized Christian people, living and thinking in a Catholic atmosphere, to fix the principle of human personality in instinct, or the principle of society in some mass frenzy, some mythical cult, some will to power without a reasonable finality." He believes that the remedy for the dividedness of contemporary France is to convince each group and class that its own interests must be subordinated to those of the nation. François Perroux concludes by outlining the four things necessary for national salvation: a new economy built around the needs of the human person, a new and ordered democracy comprised of autonomous persons, the maintenance of a free Europe and running of the French colonies for the benefit of the natives.

Labor.—During the recession, according to Louis Stark, writing in the *Times,* few industries have cut the wage rates of their employees, but lay-offs and assignment to part time have been devastating. Over 2,800,000 persons lost industrial jobs from October to January. Weekly wages of industry declined $25,500,000 between October and November; $15,300,000 from November to December; $20,000,000 from mid-December to mid-January. The regular tendency toward radicalism which rises during hard times has apparently been countered to some extent by a belief on the part of labor that a reduction of unit costs of what they produce is necessary to keep their jobs at all and a consequent increase in cooperation with management. The recession has slowed up but not stopped new organization, which goes ahead especially among white collar workers. The number of collective bargains increases rapidly, and there are more arbitration clauses in new contracts. Farm labor is organizing on a greater front; there is a strike among the pecan pickers of Texas, and one is said to be brewing in the Colorado sugar-beet fields. At the beginning of March, however, there were no major strikes in the country. * * * The Jewish Labor Committee convention of delegates of 500,000 organized Jewish workers passed anti-dictatorship resolutions of such a kind that they flatly barred participation in fronts with Communist groups. * * * The Goodrich company of Akron demanded that the C.I.O. Rubber Workers take an immediate wage cut to help the company competitively, or else face a further decentralization of manufacturing operations away from Akron which would mean 5,000 fewer jobs in the city. The company showed that two years ago there were 40,000 rubber jobs in Akron, and that today there are only 25,000. * * * The victory of the conservative candidate Langlie in the Seattle mayorality contest was considered a blow to the C.I.O., whose candidate was beaten. As the final campaign went along it became not only a division between those who did and those who didn't favor the C.I.O., but also an increasingly clear partizan division between those who did and those who didn't favor the New Deal.

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The Play and Screen

Amelia Goes to the Ball

"AMELIA GOES TO THE BALL" is a little opera by a new composer which will probably stay in the operatic repertory. If it does it will be the first novelty in many years that has. Indeed not since 1913 when Richard Strauss's "Rosenkavalier" and Italo Montemezzi's "L'Amore dei tre Re" were produced at the Metropolitan has a new opera interested the New York public for more than a few performances. Twenty-five years has been a long time to hope for a new operatic composer, and there have been many who must have wondered if opera is not a dying art. So the arrival of "Amelia" is perhaps at least a hint that there may be life in the lyric drama yet. Gian-Carlo Menotti, the composer and librettist of "Amelia," is a young man in his middle twenties, of Italian birth and education, who is now living in this country. He wrote his opera in Italian, and Italian it is in its music, but it receives its first performance in an English translation by George Mead. The story is amusing, the dialogue is witty, the action is ingeniously contrived. Amelia's husband, discovering that she has a lover, refuses to take her to the ball, but promises he will if she will tell him who the lover is. It is the young man in the apartment above and the huband goes out to kill him. Amelia calls out to him from the balcony, and the lover drops down a rope. He begs Amelia to elope with him. The husband arrives and tries to shoot him, but the pistol is unloaded. Then the two men begin a discussion of the rules of honor. This annoys Amelia, who wants to be off to the ball, and she hits her spouse over the head with a flower-pot, badly injuring him. The police arrive and Amelia tells the chief of police that her lover is a burglar, and that it is he who has hit her husband. Her husband is taken to the hospital, her lover to jail, and Amelia goes to the ball with the chief of police.

Now this is scarcely a very moral story, but its unreality takes from it most of its offense. It is told with great gusto and variety of incident and Mr. Menotti has invested it with music which is melodious and sprightly. It has set arias and concerted pieces which, if not strictly personal in their idiom, are not reminiscent of any particular composer. Of these the husband's reading of the lover's letter, and the terzetto, "What's Right, What's Wrong," are particularly delightful, and the latter is almost as amusing as anything in Gilbert and Sullivan. In his musical characterization, in his use of discords and unexpected ryhthms the composer is most skilful. Never for a moment does he allow the action to lag, and the words are borne along on a stream which bubbles and sings with delightful spontaneity. Mr. Menotti is also adroit in his orchestration and in his treatment of dialogue. If he is not yet a Rossini or a Donizetti, Mr. Menotti compares very favorably with the Wolf-Ferrari of "The Secret of Suzanne." He is eclectic perhaps, but his combinations of melody are original and striking. It is too early to state that a new Puccini has arrived on the scene, but at least Mr. Menotti is already a composer who is professional in his touch and consistent in his application. His is the most promising talent the opera has revealed in many years.

The Metropolitan's performance was admirable. Muriel Dickson, as the wife, sings admirably, despite some difficulty with her upper tones, and once again proves herself a comic actress of charm and savor. Mario Chamlee is excellent as the lover, John Brownlee has distinction as the husband, and sings the music admirably, and Norman Cordon is most amusing as the chief of police. Ettore Panizza conducts with verve, at times perhaps with a little too much verve. Donald Oenslager's set is charming, and does much to offset the huge proportions of the Metropolitan. And what is most satisfying is the clear diction of the singers, which speaks volumes for the skill of Mr. Mead's translation. Operas like "Amelia Goes to the Ball" require an immediate response from the audience, not only to the music, but to the words. Let us hope that Mr. Menotti and Mr. Mead will soon give us another work as delightful as "Amelia."

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Adventures of Marco Polo

SAMUEL GOLDWYN, the producer, Archie Mayo, director, and Robert E. Sherwood, author of the screen play, evidently were more concerned with a play for entertainment than with history, and so do not present that glamorous figure of the thirteenth century seriously, or even realistically. They treat his adventures more in an offhand manner, stressing romance and comedy against a medieval background of spectacular battle scenes and heavily dressed settings of rich-flavored days of porcelains, jewels and camel trains.

Mr. Sherwood gives a modern, breezy presentation of an intrepid young Italian adventurer, who, at the age of twenty-one, in the year A. D. 1277, set out on a journey from Venice to remote Peking, ostensibly to further Italian trade interests. Of course it is done in the best Goldwyn manner, which means not only pseudo-historical creation, but expensive, elaborate and technically impressive production, from massive sets to meticulous trivia. A sepia film-stock and film-printing process adds to the story-book illusion.

Six-foot and handsome Gary Cooper is the Venetian tradesman who arrives in the strange Peking kingdom of Kubla Khan, to deport himself more like a strongly romantic American football hero. He teaches the dynastic princess the art of osculation, and stays on to save the country from enemies, which, melodramatically, brings him the rewards of a first-class trade agreement for his Italian interests, and, of course, the hand of the lovely princess, played by Sigrid Gurie, promising exotic actress from Norway, who appears in a Hollywood screen play for the first time. There are additional names of note in support, principally Ernest Truex, in a comedy rôle in his favorite pattern; Basil Rathbone, in a typical personification of villainy; and H. B. Warner, Henry Kolker, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Allan Hale and Binnie Barnes. "Adventures of Marco Polo" is light-hearted amusement of a sort.

JAMES P. CUNNINGHAM.

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Communications

HOW TO KEEP ALIVE

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Just a word in praise of some recent articles in your weekly. I refer to the "How to Keep Alive" series by Reverend Hugh McCarron, in the issues of February 18 and 25 and March 4. I read Father McCarron's book, "Realization," and it impressed me as being the work of a mind of steel and a truly holy Catholic mind as well. Ever since then I have been looking for other writings of his, and further opportunity to experience the exhilaration I felt in reading his book. I found a single article in *America* weeks ago. But when I found a series of articles in THE COMMONWEAL I looked forward to a lot of pleasure and a world of spiritual help for many readers. I have not been disappointed.

The series of dialogues has the tone of the Gospel chapters. Here would seem to be a mind that has reposed in the bosom of God in long and thoughtful prayer, one that has not been afraid to follow where the Spirit would lead. I wish to thank the staff of THE COMMONWEAL as the ministers of much benefit to me and, I presume, to many others, in presenting ideas whose very existence produces a more optimistic outlook for the future of Catholic thought in this country. Somehow I have always thought that French minds like Maritain and Gilson could be brilliant, German minds like Przywara and Faulhaber could stick to the evidence, and English minds like G. K. Chesterton and Noyes could be facile, but I never dreamed we Americans could boast of a mind like Father McCarron's possessing all three qualities.

I have been telling every Catholic I know about his series, and am hoping he will write more for you.

WILLIAM F. FANNING.

SPAIN'S GREAT CENTURY

Emmitsburg, Md.

TO the Editor: If it may be permitted for one book reviewer most deferentially to differ from another and, more particularly, if a student of contemporaneous history may express an opinion on the Renaissance scene, I would like to mention my disappointment with the tone of the recent review (January 28) of "Philip II," that masterpiece of biography for which we are indebted to Professor William Thomas Walsh. Although I cannot lay claim to the erudition or style of Mr. Philip Burnham, who reviewed the volume, I can submit for the record the testimony that I read every word of "Philip II" with a joy and admiration I would not wish to conceal.

To my mind, Dr. Walsh amply sustained his contention that the Spanish monarch has been one of the most misunderstood characters in history and that largely because of the anti-Christian animus of the inter-allied Masonic, Jewish, Protestant clique which dominated politics outside of Spain at the time and whose misrepresentations of fact have poisoned the streams of history ever since. Having personally taken the trouble to investigate some of the numerous sources, primary and secondary, which Professor Walsh quotes, I am obliged to acknowledge that there were none that I could discover without verification.

The strongest point which Mr. Burnham makes in my estimation is the obvious reliance which the author of "Philip II" places upon the contemporaneous writer, Cabrera. The latter does show signs of a superstitious nature; he is inclined to attribute to Philip the best of motives and the most favorable interpretation of conduct, at least as a general rule. The only serious limitation in this summary is that of a too great faith in the preternatural. Cabrera noted too many natural prodigies: comets, meteors, portents and signs. In that respect he was only reflecting some of the atmosphere of the age. It by no means invalidates the facts which he relates and which Professor Walsh, after sifting a wealth of other evidence, weaves into a tale of almost magic beauty. If I may paraphrase the judgment of the ace reviewer of the New York *Times,* Mr. Percy K. Hutchinson, I would conclude that the author of "Philip II" has produced a book of "impeccable literary style," distinguished by undeniable mastery of both content and form.

REV. JOSEPH F. THORNING.

THE VOCATION OF LIBERTY

Paris, France.

TO the Editor: I see by your issue of February 11 that Mr. Henry B. Binsse takes exception to François Mauriac's opinion of France as expressed in his article, "The Vocation of Liberty," in the January 14 issue. The article interested me because, having lived in France for some years, I found myself in agreement with the author's views. It seems to me that Mr. Binsse takes a rather short-sighted view of the situation. He fails to distinguish between the French people and the Freemason government of France. It must be remembered that the enormous effort made by the latter to suppress the Catholic religion in France has not met with success as in other places, such as Mexico today. The proverbial intelligence and native wisdom of the French prevents them from easily abandoning the Church of Rome as did the English and the Scandinavian countries in the seventeenth century.

Personally I find the churches of Paris crowded at every Mass. I have visited a number of large churches at various times on Sunday and frequently it is difficult to find a seat. In other parts of France I have found the same thing. It is edifying to see a large number of young people, young men as well as young women hearing Mass. Their attitude in church is one of devotion, more than simply a tiresome duty to perform.

The sermons are fairly long and the preaching excellent. One hears the sound truths of the Church flowing from the lips of the priests in the beautiful yet forceful phrases of the French tongue. I have also lived in Italy, Spain, Switzerland and Germany for long periods of time and, let no one make any mistake about it, French culture is by far the best in Europe and has been so since the time of Saint Louis. It will be a sad day for the world should it decline.

MICHAEL OSWALD JENKINS.

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Books

Dixie

Jefferson Davis, the Unreal and the Real, by Robert McElroy. New York: Harper and Brothers. $8.00.

PROFESSOR McELROY, formerly professor of history at Princeton and for more than a decade Harmsworth professor of American history at Oxford University, adds this full-length biography of Jefferson Davis to his list of publications in American political history which include a worthy life of that conservative Democrat, Grover Cleveland. It is an enjoyable volume, but it is not a great book. Nor, despite a fascinating but somewhat partizan picture of Davis, is it predicated upon appreciable new material which would modify the factual information or interpretation of such biographers as W. E. Dodd, H. J. Eckenrode, Allen Tate, Elizabeth Cutting and Robert Winston, all of whom have made their contributions within the past generation. Indeed, there could be little to correct in the student's estimate of Davis's character.

Certainly few Northerners in the old Federal Territory where probably only a minority of the people trace an American ancestry back of the Civil War, see "Jeff Davis" as a vicious traitor and bloody rebel. Students of Southern history will find too heroic a Davis as measured against opposing Confederate figures, less emphasis upon the war than might be anticipated, comparatively little stress upon political and journalistic criticism of the Davis administration, and an excellent survey of his martyrdom, the collapse of the Confederacy and his defense of the Lost Cause by book, article, lecture and dignified poverty. The writer's spirit of tolerance, religious and racial, cosmopolitan attitudes, quotable asides pregnant with wisdom, and dramatic narration challenge intelligent interest. And for Englishmen, he depicts a Davis as pleasing as his Confederacy was to their grandsires of the ruling minority.

Born in Kentucky, reared in Louisiana and Mississippi, blessed by Andy Jackson at the Hermitage, schooled by the Dominican Fathers in Kentucky and Presbyterian divines at Transylvania College, fashioned at West Point, and taught soldiering by Major Bennet Riley on the Indian frontier, Davis had a more broadening career than the then forgotten Lincoln to whom, story has it, he administered the oath of allegiance when that briefless lawyer inconspicuously served for a few weeks in the Black Hawk War. On Davis's marriage to the daughter of Zachary Taylor, who died within three months of yellow fever, he became a humane planter in Mississippi who had received no religious warnings against slavery in school nor injunctions against secessional theories at West Point which, however, had ceased to follow Rawle's "View of the Constitution." His years as a recluse were ended by Varina Howell of Natchez, who found him a refined and cultured gentleman though a Democrat and who proceeded to instil political ambition in her bookish husband whose readings would probably lead him to subscribe to the author's constitutional dictum that "There

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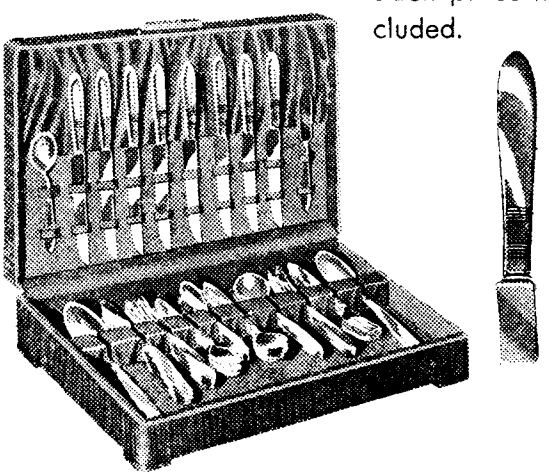

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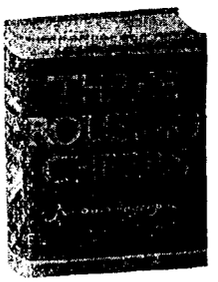

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must always be kept open an easy appeal from unjust law to justice; otherwise the appeal from law to force will keep itself open."

From Congress in which he aroused the hatred of Andrew Johnson, he led a regiment of Mississippi Rifles in the Mexican War, where apparently he became a friend of General Shields, later his second in a duel which was avoided by compromise. A Democrat who would not bolt the ticket for a former commander and father-in-law, he campaigned against Taylor's candidacy. Secretary of War under Pierce, an intimate of the Catholic Postmaster General Campbell, a defeated candidate for governor, a senator, a moderate and a constitutionalist, Davis, at least in the mind of James G. Blaine, was moving rapidly toward the Democratic nomination which would have meant the Presidency, when sectionalism, slavery, schism and secession led to Sumter as a second Nottingham. Then followed a war which, according to J. L. O'Sullivan whom Professor McElroy does not hesitate to describe despite his name as a leading journalist of the time, was the "most dreadful and most absurd of wars yet witnessed by the world." To Davis who as a soldier would have preferred service in the field: "It was a war of defense, the only kind of war which I believed justified by man's duty to his fellow and to his God."

Davis should have seen earlier that the South had lost, and let the Hampton Roads conference mark the end. However, Davis would have fought on after Lee's surrender, if pressure and the advice of Johnston, Beauregard, Benjamin, Mallory and Reagan had not forced him to surrender. The rest of the story is a blot on the American escutcheon: the fantastic stories of his attempted escape in female attire which recall the legends of Prince Charles at Woodstock and of Charles Edward and Flora McDonald; the indictment for the murder of Lincoln; the shackling of Davis by General Miles on arbitrary orders of Secretary of War Stanton; the "Surrat murder"; the execution of Captain Wirz, another Catholic, who would not save himself by implicating Davis in the alleged horrors of Andersonville; the lengthy imprisonment of Davis at Fortress Monroe when for a time his only solace was spiritual reading especially Thomas à Kempis's "Imitation of Christ"; the avoidance of a trial because neither Johnson nor Chief Justice Chase cared to have the constitutionality of secession made an issue; the use of the Fourteenth Amendment to quash the indictment; and the failure to restore Lee and Davis to citizenship which indubitably would have guaranteed them seats in the Senate.

There were however examples of Christian charity: the volunteered legal assistance of George Shea and Charles O'Conor, "the premier of the American bar" who refused a grant of $20,000 from the state of Mississippi; the subscription to Davis's bond by Greeley, Vanderbilt and Gerrit Smith; the offer of Southern college presidencies which Davis's poverty made it impossible for him to accept; the literary assistance of the old abolitionist editor, Redpath; and the courageous loyalty to the old cause with which Davis labored on his "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," which was hardly written

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with the detachment Lucian urged in a historical annalist. The son of a Baptist, and himself a churchman, Davis was tolerant without being indifferent as his biographer indicates: "When the Pope sent him his likeness, bearing the words, 'Come unto Me, all ye who are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' he accepted it with an appreciation learned in his childhood from the Fathers who had taken part in his education."

RICHARD J. PURCELL.

A Healing Beauty

Dawn in Lyonesse, by Mary Ellen Chase. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

IN "THIS ENGLAND," Miss Chase wrote so awarely of the West Country, where "the past is longer and older than elsewhere," that "Dawn in Lyonesse" comes as a beautiful imaginative confirmation of the earlier sketch. To the brief, moving story of two days in Ellen Pascoe's humble life, she has given one of the world's most dramatic settings—dark Cornwall of tarn and cliff, of the wild voices of sea and birds and wind, of waiting, ancient silences, of trust in omens and in the potency of a wish; lean Cornwall, "a place of labor and anxiety, of rain and cold in winter, of leaking slate roofs, of little money"; Cornwall of deathless tragedy, lost Lyonesse, whose bells toll still beneath the moonlit sea.

Some novelists might have kept this lofty past a mere ironic commentary on the lowly modern tale of the two servant women and Derek, whom the war had shut up "in some tight place inside himself." Instead, Miss Chase has made it an ennobling, healing power over sin and death and heartbreak; for from the red book of Tristram and Iseult, Ellen draws not only beauty for her long-starved heart but also, in time of sorrow, strength to forgive loss and betrayal, to be glad that "her visions had at last come to earth, not for her, indeed, but for those whom she had loved."

As should a tale worthy to join the "matter of Cornwall," Miss Chase's story will invite rereading and lingering reflection on its rich, restrained simplicity.

OLIVE B. WHITE.

Christendom

High Points of Medieval Culture, by James J. Walsh. Milwaukee: Bruce Publishing Company. $2.75.

THE FIRST edition of the "Encyclopedia Britannica," published in Edinburgh in 1771, devoted only four lines to Gothic architecture which was condemned as barbaric in quality—though suitable to the barbarous people for whom it was invented. More than twenty-five years ago Dr. Walsh, in his notable work on the thirteenth century, sought to defeat this widespread conspiracy of misrepresentation and silence. How well he and other unprejudiced historians succeeded may be judged by the changed opinion today concerning the Middle Ages.

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makes use of the latest discoveries and findings in the field of his lifelong interest, and adds his own authoritative and urbane comment. The result is an important and thoroughly enjoyable book.

No less than eight chapters are devoted to education. The greatest achievement of the Middle Ages, in the author's opinion, was the foundation of the universities. The chief function of such institutions was to train men "fit to serve God in Church and State." A liberal education, so it was thought, would be helpful in making men less greedy and more thoughtful of others, so that in both Church and State men should be happier and might be rendered more capable of accomplishing all that was best in life. Today the great purpose of our great universities would seem to be to train robots to achieve success in money-making. We still have much to learn from the medieval schoolmen regarding the true meaning of a liberal education.

Special mention should be made of the stimulating Irish chapter which summarizes the brilliant medieval achievements of the Irish people from the sixth to the ninth centuries.

JOHN J. O'CONNOR.

Literary Criticism

From These Roots, by Mary M. Colum. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

THIS is a serious addition to the literature of criticism. The author has that wide and accurate knowledge of her subject which suggests a lifetime of scholarship. She writes of Lessing, whom we all read, or were expected to read, in the prehistoric days of my youth; she brings us nearer to Coleridge and Wordsworth by the simple process of removing a few barriers in our way; she knows that Henry James was unfortunately "decades ahead of his time," a circumstance which mystified and annoyed his readers.

Mrs. Colum is an impersonal writer. She can do justice to Madame de Staël's work in bringing German letters to the attention of French critics without saying a word about the lady's exasperating idiosyncrasies, which have led other commentators astray. She is at her best in analyzing Taine, that great master of analysis. She is not annoyed at Taine's preference for Cowper over Wordsworth. Taine, after all, was "frankly bored by poetry," and if you are bored by poetry what can you get out of Wordsworth? She dwells lovingly over Taine's deep appreciation of La Fontaine's Fables which he calls France's "only epic." She knows as well as Taine knew that an intimate acquaintance with La Fontaine makes for stability of mind.

It is natural that Mrs. Colum should give scant space to moral niceties which obstruct the critic's path. She registers them and moves on. And semi-occasionally she allows herself a phrase of consummate perfection, as when she calls "The Scarlet Letter" that "lovely lonely book." What makes it seem so utterly alone is the vastness of space between Hawthorne's other books and his masterpiece.

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Briefer Mention

The Dark Rose, by Maurice Walsh. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $2.50. Mr. Walsh's latest describes an Anglo-Irish expedition to Scotland 300 years ago. Fighting is mostly hand to hand and generally romanticized. The story encompasses delightfully Irish twists of phrase, heroines of unbelievable loveliness, victory despite overwhelming odds and scattered touches of gallantry. Today's problems drift far away from the reader who is soon enveloped in hazes of romance.

These Foreigners, by William Seabrook. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50. Human beings, they all are, good, bad and indifferent. And as such they are chronicled in a manner amusing, interesting, and with a touch that carries one along at an amazing speed. Filled with many a good laugh and humorous anecdote, it also gives some very practical and interesting information about the greatest melting-pot in existence.

Introduction to Scripture, by Thomas Moran. New York: Sheed and Ward. $2.50. A strictly scientific study of the status of the Sacred Books, followed by an examination of the character of the Books individually. Six appendices deal with the authenticity of the Gospels, the Gospel miracles, the chronology of the Apostolic times and allied subjects.

The Portugal of Salazar, by Michael Derrick. London: Sands: The Paladin Press. 5/. An accurate and stimulating appraisal of the non-Fascist character of the Christian and Corporate State which one of the most brilliant finance ministers of modern times is patiently building in the Iberian peninsula.

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